

CAVALCADE

Nov. 1/6

**Polygamy plagues
the U.N.**

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**What do your
pains mean?**

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**Mystery of the
Prince's Heart**

—Page 16



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Cavalcade

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battle of the TASMAN SEA



EDWARD ANDREWS

Australia's first naval battle was fought out by the mildest men in subject to bay throat-cutting.

THE first naval battle ever fought in Australasia was ended in a tame anti-climax. The convict-turned-guard of the long "Wellington" ran below decks halfway through the battle and merely used his power.

They were not afraid of the two whaling ships which fought them, they explained later. But they were in mortal terror of the 300 wild Mooris seated on the beach, solicited

by the whalers as their allies.

Which was not at all surprising. The Mooris had strange superstitious and hearty appetites . . . as many as one daywatched warrior had learned to live during.

They had all the South Sea Islanders' unadulterated appreciation for "long hair" and even if convict-turned-soldiers might be a bit less on the beam, they could—in a pinch

—be turned into a very successful lead, according to reports, very hairy—sure . . . if your finger happened to stray in that direction.

Moreover, the Mooris were as much fighting men (judged by any standard . . . and 300 of them would take more than a little handling. More handling, indeed, than the crew of the "Wellington" could accomplish.

Taken all around, the "Wellington's" men were probably the mildest and most easily frightened parties who ever sailed the Pacific.

It was all a mistake to charge them with piracy, they told the ruler in Sydney. They only wanted to escape from Norfolk Island, and they had always intended to give the ship back. The judge, unmoved, sentenced 22 of them to death.

The "Wellington" left Sydney on December 11, 1828, with 44 convicts, and a military escort, bound for the penal settlement on Norfolk Island.

Captain John Harwood was peacefully shooting the sun at noon 10 days later when the convicts made a sudden rush and overpowered the guards.

The guards were chained two-and-two and put into the hold with the ship's crew. The convicts immediately put on the troops' uniforms and mounted sentries. They gave these chains, cried out, "Liberty or death!" and began knocking off their shackles, Harwood added.

John Walton, elected captain by the convicts, then demanded the brig's charts and asked Harwood which was the best port to get water. Harwood, thinking over the chances of meeting a rescue ship, promptly advised him to make for New Zealand.

The convicts sent Harwood with his officers and passengers to their colony and held a meeting to elect new officers. They also drew up a

set of rules and set up a council of seven to enforce discipline.

Walton kept a log of the "Wellington's" voyage to New Zealand.

"December 25" This day regularly played noon in watches. Fourteen sentries and seven to work ship. Enacted regulations to prevent mutiny—service and discipline. Chose a council of seven to judge and punish misdemeanors, regulate the supply of provisions and water."

Walton ceremoniously examined the wounds of troops and prisoners and found none of them serious. Harwood admitted at the trial that the convicts treated everyone on board with kindness.

Walton's entry for the first day ends full of confidence . . . "tranquility and good order predominated and a glow of satisfaction on every countenance."

On Christmas Eve the Council of Seven tried its first delegates. A man who went to sleep at his post was given extra duty and had his stay stopped. Another convict who went into the hold, brandished a case of wine and got drunk was sentenced more severely. He was put in irons at once and the council decided to execute him when they reached New Zealand.

On Christmas Day Walton and his council noticed their stray delegates. He enters quietly in his log: "As the only delinquency we have at present found on the part of the government was in not supplying us with plums, issued an order that if any individual on board has plums they must be given up."

No one, apparently, felt like giving. The log continues briefly "Plums were procured."

The convict parties killed four geese and three sheep for dinner and lived away this Christmas Day. "A very comfortable day moderately indulged ourselves with some gin and

A, I, L-U-U-V-W Loybarkly

are as devoted to each other that if one dies, its mate copines of a broken heart. A British bird-lover, who observed a pair, found this deceased. The other began to pine, as bird-lovers conceived a scheme to save it. She put a sorrow by the cage. The loveland moved and, clinging up to the survivor, lived for two whole years. It might have been living put if it had not dropped dead of a broken mirror.

brandy," Walton records happily.

The next day he began cleaning up the ship. The deck corps was chosen, overboard to lighten the load and the hands put to work painting.

Some of the men became ill and Walton could find no drugs on the ship. "Miserable neglect on the part of the Government," he declared.

Another man found drink was put in double casks and had his crop stopped.

But on January 1 when the brig was in sight of the New Zealand coast, the Council of Seven had no more serious duty. One of the convicts had tried to organize a rebellion. After a two-hour trial the general sentenced him to double casks and working in New Zealand.

The last strongly ends "He is to be kept on deck day and night and not allowed communication with any person whatsoever."

When the "Wellington" reached the Bay of Islands, the convicts found that two whaling ships, the "Bastion" and the "Harriet" were already

waiting there. This was what Harwood had hoped would happen.

For a few days Walton carried through a bluff. He visited Captain Duke of the "Bastion" and Captain Clarke of the "Harriet" and invited them both to dine with him.

Harwood eventually arranged a sale by a notice in a newspaper on shore who passed it on to Captain Duke.

At dawn next day the "Bastion" suddenly opened fire on the "Wellington" the "Harriet" soon joined in.

The whalers were not good marksmen. It took nearly four hours before the combined fire managed to bring down the "Wellington's" topmast. The "Wellington" carried two long four-pounders but the demoralized convicts did not even fire back. They were afraid of the consequences if they became real pirates.

They were even more afraid when a message from the "Bastion" pulled alongside with an offer of terms from Captain Duke. If they surrendered, he said, no one would be harmed. If they would not surrender, he had arranged for 500 Maori warriors to attack the vessel.

One look at the Maori on the beach was enough for Walton and his men. They surrendered at once to Captain Duke.

Four convicts were killed in the battle and seven others passed overboard and swam for the shore. Two of these were drowned and the Maori rounded up the other five and returned them to Captain Duke.

Duke looked them all on the "Bastion" found Captain Harwood and his crew and sailed with his prisoners for Sydney.

After sorting out the convicts who had not taken any part in the sailing of the ship, the Sydney authorities put 26 convicts on trial for piracy.

William Clarke, who had twice

stood trial for his life, escaped for the second time. Clarke had originally been convicted for murder, but the trial judges had been dissatisfied with the verdict of the military jury.

He ordered a new investigation which exonerated Clarke but because of bad luck—Clarke had to wait months for an official pardon to arrive from England.

While he was waiting in prison another offense grabbed him to complete a Norfolk Island death. The judge ruled that he had only exercised his natural rights of escaping from unlawful imprisonment and could not be convicted of piracy.

Two other prisoners, wrongly included in the Norfolk Island slaughter, escaped on similar grounds. But the others were all sentenced to death.

"The Australian" published a story that the Government was planning to erect a gallows on the North Shore

and hang the convicts to rot there in silence at a warning.

"Then," the paper declared, "will answer no good purpose and would check the courage and humanity of all who have to pass up and down the coast."

A few days later the journal was able to corroborate itself that the Government had abandoned the plan. All escape attempts with previous death sentences against them would be sent back to Norfolk Island.

This left no prisoners for the police. One was captured the day before the execution.

The five men spent their last 40 minutes of life in prayer. One of them read from a prayer book the seven penitential psalms of David.

Even the wildest convicts, as mentioned in headlines in current Sydney, were moved when he solemnly read the words. "My days are vanished like smoke and I am withered as even as grass."



Just because a good happens to be published as a Dead End, don't read . . . just remember.

3 WON UNBACKED



FRANK BROWNE

FROM the note that Melbourne Cup winners are declared those who know most about the game begin to search for the possible winner.

The bookmakers, backed up by a vast efficient "news service" which gives them plenty of hands all on what stables are doing, and the colliers of the houses in those stables, put out a lot of prices. They use double shots, which in turn are studied avidly by professional and other punters.

Wagers are accepted steadily. The badly-handicapped horses, on

known farms, are to some extent neglected. Those who appear to be "thrown in" favorably handicapped are the early favorites.

So the game starts. Then, current farms—and stable interests—begin to play their parts.

Every Saturday's racing in Sydney or Melbourne, and to a lesser extent at the other States, is collected in the sheets that appear punctually on the Tuesday following. A horse wins a race against a field of hundreds and goes. The stable assumes him as a Melbourne Cup hope, and the game

daily point of it comes out for him, and he "advances in the market."

Another animal performs poorly, and consequently drifts in the charts.

The books, too, are watched by men trying to find a clue in the Cup. Pools grow of all horses who appear to have a chance of running out two miles are poured, in an attempt to find hidden values in some of the pools at modest costs prices.

So it goes on week after week. Meanwhile, the horses for the Cup steadily shrink. The list that first took three columns to print contracts steadily, a column—and then, finally—a few inches in special newspaper space to print those still left in.

At last, final selections are declared.

It happens five days before the big race. The scrutiny of wagers is a mere passing glance compared to the analysis that these final selections put.

The books add up everything they already know and then evaluate their efforts to find out what is happening. The professionals go through the field just as thoroughly. Some have got the favorites great for big money, and now are looking for "dangers," preferably at long prices, on which to save.

By the time mid-afternoon comes on the first Tuesday in November, the racing brains of Australia, looking up by years and years of experience, have sorted everything out.

That doesn't mean that they can all pick the winner. With everything taken into consideration, there might be at least ten chances in the field ten horses with not much between them.

But one thing that they should be able to do after all their calculations, is pick out the men who couldn't possibly win. The ones who are in to make up the field—or perhaps because somebody is sentimental enough to

wager to see his colours carried in the big race.

It's not to realize that they can't even pick the men who can't possibly win, with any accuracy.

Three times in the history of the race, horses have started at 11-1, not fairly unbeaten, either by their stables or anybody else, and lost the big event.

They were The Pearl, in 1871, Wotan in 1884, and Old Rowley in 1940. How often that they could connect their true worth from everybody? How did the lay-eyes of punters and bookmakers overlook them completely?

Let's have a look at these three "failures" and see under what conditions they won their big races.

Our first case history is The Pearl. He never started as a two-year-old. As a three-year-old, the big horse started eight times. He wasn't much of a looker, but galloped fairly well. His eight starts produced two wins.

In his four year old season, he showed no form at all. He stayed two times and never looked like winning.

On August 1, in company with all other horses, he turned five. He started galloping fairly well on the track, and Mr. Tat, his owner decided to take him to Sydney, as a second string to his better rider, Phyllis. He did better than the stable hoped. He ran second to Bushrod in the Metropolitan, and won the Sydney Handicap, conducted later at the A.B.C. Spring Meeting.

Back he came to Melbourne, and there were some bets for him in the pre-pot Cup market.

There is no record of him doing anything startling during October, but the papers of the day record that he worked along quite well on the track.

Came the opening day of the V.R.C. Spring Meeting. He added up in the Eastern Handicap, and ran a close

**HOME, HOME ON THE RANGE
(MODERN COWBOY
VERSION)**

I'm sloping along, loping
along, loping along the
range.

I'm just a very lanky stope
that never gathers no moss
And I'm weary (which isn't
so strong).

For I'm loping along, sloping
along without any gal-
larded horse.

—BUSHWHACKER.

considerable fourth, under a weight of seven stone thirteen. In the Cup, to be run a few days later, he had only seven stone three pounds.

Why somebody didn't snap in and back him then as an unaccomplished mystery. Today, a horse with a fourth in the Hurdson, and down ten pounds in the Cup, would certainly not start at 100-1.

His Cup place is perhaps best explained by the fact that Mr. Test (who was considered a good judge) made no secret of the fact that he thought that if the Cup was coming to an stable, it would be Pyralis, and not The Pearl, who would bring it.

The day of the race dawned, and on the track that morning there was nothing to suggest that when the whips were cracked, The Pearl would do any better.

A record crowd watched the race, and as the flag dropped and the field went away, the books were shouting their lungs out, trying to get the subscribers in.

The race made little description

The Pearl was always well placed, went to the front near the distance and won by two lengths. The second horse, Rosalia, died in a protest, but it was quickly dismissed.

So, we came to our halcyon No. 3. The case of Watson, son of Swindell, who was in somewhat circumstances, in 1884, when at 100-1, smelt the pliancy of the bookies.

Watson was a New Zealand, operated by three brothers named Smith.

As a three-year-old, he was an object of desire. He didn't go fast enough to keep himself warm.

He started in back races as a four-year-old and on September 12, actually won a back race.

But why has owners had asked him in the Melbourne Cup will never be known.

Why, on the strength of a win on September 12, in a back race, they decided to bring him to Australia, is part of a great mystery.

He arrived in Australia without fuss, but the bones over of the books and gamblers were on him.

All that they failed to interest them was his brother, and not his form.

His dam, Left, had also thrown Gains, Derivation, winner of the Caulfield Cup, and Peter Jackson, a Melbourne Valley Gold Cup winner.

Watson had two shots in Australia prior to the Cup. He went very poorly each time, dropping out in both.

A report had circulated that he wasn't much good on a heavy track. This gained plenty of credence.

As the field lined up, he was something of a joke. He was even more of a joke when half the journey had been covered.

Young Crusader, the leader, was out in front, carrying out a terrific pace. A good half a horse behind from the leader, was Watson.

In the last 50 yards, with the rest all over, the despised outsider came

hurting along to snatch victory.

To make matters worse, he ran his race in Australian record time.

He cracked everybody—not the least his owners, who had a few pounds on him for sentiment's sake and no other reason.

Only one man made a fortune out of the outsider's win. That is, only one person. That was not a student of form or breeding. He was a man who dreamed about the race, and Watson was the one who won the race, in his dream.

Then in the period of 1884 Melbourne Cup winners at Old Rawley. He differs from the others in that he had been a really good horse.

Old Rawley showed signs of being a good stayer from his early days. Then he went wrong. He spent a year in the paddocks.

Brought back, he showed little form. His owner-trainer, Jack Scully, associated with him. He was entered for the Cup at 100-1. He never got into consideration. He was an aged has-been, with a bowed tendon, and a doubtful responsibility financial.

The Spring came along and Old Rawley added up in weight-for-age races. One run that made his trainer think his chances might be all right in the Cup was his good heat for third, in the A.J.C. Spring Stakes, at weight-for-age.

But he didn't show up later. Still, what everybody had forgotten was that his former w.d. distance star had only 112 in the Cup. They had forgotten his Spring Stakes run. There was also the fact that only one aged horse, Toronado, 20 years before, had been able to win the Cup.

The has-been got up to win quite comfortably, without the proverbial dinner on him, and the students of form took another hiding.

There is nothing much to be learned from a study of the three long-shots

of Melbourne Cup history. No lessons for picking long-shots can be worked out from a study of their wins. The first, The Pearl, was a fairly well-performed horse, whose owner had another starter in the race, and threatened that starter as the better horse.

Watson was a horse who had never shown form that changed him as a likely Melbourne Cup prospect, with no justification for backing him.

Old Rawley was a near champion stayer with the hand of age on him, a reputation for being unswayed and poise from just before the race.

Watson was probably at 100-1; but each of the other two was better performers than some of the horses who were amongst the well-backed favorites, and were there simply because of some past victory, or anticipated improvement.

There are the horses that cause the upsets, but there is no rule about it. Just keep your fingers crossed.



Ah wives! You get 'em in pairs, three and three
but when they number hundreds, there's trouble.

MORAN SARLAT



POLYGAMY PLAGUES the U.N

WOMEN . . . they're everywhere!
Even in the hushed precincts
of the United Nations Assembly, bed-
soreed with wars, insurrection wars and
threats of wars still to come, the
Battle of the Sexes is raging: its
Gorgon-head. The issue? One wife,
one wife . . . or . . . ?

Recently an American magazine pub-
lished a condemnation of the mar-
riage customs of a 180-year-old Ad-
vance Island king, the Fan of Bikini.

"The King of Bikini, who has 800
wives, sends his chiefs for girls in
surrounding villages. About 500 of
his wives stand around him in a semi-
circle—asked—as is the practice and
custom of the 'King's Own' . . . The
latter drags his daughter forward,

throws her on the ground in front of
the king, who steps forward and pairs
her right foot on top of the girl's
body, which means 'I accept this
piece of cargo.' The girl may be a
mother of 18 years. This is what happens
with girls, young children and cattle."

No wonder was the article in print
that the marriage and cultural
drums of Western Civilization beaten
to beat. Here was polygamy—in its
worst form—still being practiced in
the enlightened 20th Century! In no
time at all, a resolution was intro-

duced into the Trusteeship Council
of the United Nations asking for a
full-drum arraignment of the prob-
lem.

A committee was appointed and told
to go ahead.

A Solomon-like ruling was in per-
fect order. Solomon himself was the
greatest polygamist in history, with
more than 1,000 wives in his court.
But the U.N. Committee set up to
investigate the situation was not con-
cerned with ancient marital trivia.

In fact, polygamy wasn't legally
abolished in the United States until
1868, when Utah applied for state-
hood. As a condition of admission
into the Union, the state constitution
had to ban the practice of polygamy
advocated by the Mormons—a large
religious denomination that had
spread up on the territory.

Actually, if the committee's scope
hadn't been limited to the Cameroons
case at hand, it could have been di-
rected to hundreds of other examples
of polygamy flourishing around the
world today.

Over on the Malayan Peninsula, the
Siamites conduct a rather brittle sys-
tem of marriage, even though poly-
gamy is not forbidden. However,
husbands and wives are permitted to
interchange at will.

In a remote part of the USSR,
polygamy is very much in style. Cit-
izens of the Kazakhstan Republic are
allowed four wives, and it is a mark
of wealth and community standing
to acquire them. Among the Ainu
of Northern Japan, third and fourth
wives are very common, possibly be-
cause the marriage jobs is so easily
shod. An Ainu marriage lasts only
as long as it suits the convenience of
both parties.

Further north, the Polar Eskimos
have the right to acquire more than
one wife, but it is rarely exercised.

In place of that, it seems, an Eskimo
may exchange his wife with any
other Eskimo for short periods of
time—or even lend his wife to a
friend.

But possibly the largest part of the
world's marriage polygamy lies in those
areas that are predominantly Mos-
lem. Under Moslem law, a man may
have four wives. Yet so strict are
the rules governing the conduct of
the faith, that few Moslems today
want to reveal themselves as the oppor-
tunists. For one thing, the upper
class Moslems, with an advantage of
higher education, find the system dis-
tasteful as a matter of pride. And
the lower classes, who might possibly
derive polygamous arrangements, can
hardly afford the luxury.

When the U.N. mission arrived in
the Cameroons, it found the Fan of
Bikini to be an aging gentleman who
claimed to be well over 100 years
old. In his compound were 120 wives.

According to the British Adminis-
tration Authority in the Cameroons,
there have been no serious com-
plaints for years, either by or about
any of the Fan's wives.

The U.N. mission decided to pay
a personal visit to the Fan of Bikini.
When they arrived, the committee-
men found the beds prepared for
their visit. There was a married, but
poor, maintenance of the purpose of
their call.

An Eskimo was read publicly in
the Moscow denouncing the mar-
riage article that had stirred up the
woman's nest, labeling it an insult
and a libel both to the people of
Bikini and the Fan himself. It added
that "the chiefs' wives have been and
are still second only to their own
children in the enjoyment of the good
things of life, whether socially or
economically. The only complaint the
present chief's wives have to make is

TABACCO SAUCE. There's no doubt about these Latins they're hot for something! Looks seems that one Mario Coleri, tempestuous tender from Mexico, recently ran a Jewish newspaper over Ave Gardner. Determined not to allow his love-light to burn unobserved, Mario advised Ave of his condition in passionate love-letters. Ave poured cold water on the sensitive Jew's passion by leaving his messages without answer. Mario apparently felt bitterly about it. He planned revenge. "I shall go to an Hollywood," he proclaimed. "And when in retirement, my tale run of Ave Gardner, then I shall say 'Ave Gardner . . . as was those Ave Gardner . . . I never heard of her!'"

(From "Photoplay," the world's finest motion picture magazine.)

that they produce no children."

The Fox himself was indignant over the whole resulting affair, and denounced his intentions of seeking redress, through litigation, at the libel that had been made on him. With majestic dignity, he berated:

"I am Foa Ndi of old Kani village. I hold undisputed sway over this Ekwan Kingdom, an other word Ekwan Kani. I am the north of the dynasty of Kings in Kani. Peace of mind is goal of my people and me. This is no because of the nature of culture. The whole man has come with his and we seem to abandon care for the new one. This new one, we do not know.

"I am far advanced in age, fairly over a hundred, and being nearer the after and of my life, the will to eternal peace may come to me any day. And as I repeat that you accord some measure of priority to my petition so that I may see the end of all the high-handed measures which have been applied to me. And when I am dead and gone, I shall tell my predecessors that I tried to see

what I saw, and that in the end a U.S. Trusteeship Council came."

And as an added bit of testimony in their King's behalf, the women of Kani drew up and signed forth their protest the following petition:

"We the undersigned women of Kani, including some of the Fox's wives, protest against the young men concerning our husbands. We are happy to live with our husbands. We do not wish sharing husbands. We live with them happily.

"We, the Fox's wives, live happily with the Fox according to our native law and custom."

Harassed with the weight of testimony — both written and actually observed—the U.N. Mission came to several broad conclusions concerning polygamy in Africa. First, it was noted that the peoples of Africa have their own culture and customs. Since they do not coincide with those of other countries, it would be a mistake to look upon them through Western eyes. The customs of the tribes still command the respect of the people.

Polygamy is as economic as well as a social condition. Plural marriage is often the only method by which a preponderantly female population can be maintained economically and socially. It is a type of social security that has evolved and will have to continue until Western Civilization, through education, convinces the Africans that other ways are better.

In view of the fact that the mass of the people were attached to the custom of polygamy, the Mission was convinced that prohibiting the practice or direct intervention would create social chaos among the tribes.

As a result, they forwarded three proposals to the Trusteeship Council for action.

1. Prohibit and effectively prevent the right of women and girls to refuse to take part in any forced unions, and to release themselves from any such unions.

2. Allow the wives of polygamists to withdraw from their marriages when it appears they no longer wish to accept their secondary positions.

3. Develop the educational opportunities, notably for girls, so that a higher concept of the role of women in society may be spread.

Back in the U.N. Council hall, the Mission's report was hailed, with few dissenting voices, as a wise, rational and just conception of the problem.

Once the matter was successfully processed through the Council, the hand of the Mission to the Government, Avon Khady, Acting Permanent Delegate of Iraq, had the last word to say to the American press on the subject of the Fox of Kani.

"We should leave the man alone. It is enough to handle 120 women at a time. May God give him strength in his arduous task."



SILVERSTEIN AND HIS GUARDIAN ANGELS

what do your PAINS mean



The question and when you sometimes feel
may mean everything or nothing to you.

EDWARD T. WILKES, M.D.

SEVERAL months ago, a mother brought her little girl to a hospital because of repeated skin eruptions. The child's body was covered with sores of old eczema. She had never felt any pain, and the only way the mother knew something was wrong was when she saw the skin swell or become red. Once the was severely burned and yet experienced no pain. Another time she developed a home infection in her leg which drained pus before the mother realized the was seriously ill.

This unfortunate child had a pain abnormality—a congenital defect in

the nerve fibers running from the skin to the spinal cord and thence to the brain. Had she had a sense of pain these would have been a warning of trouble in time to prevent her disfigurement and prolonged illness.

Broadly speaking, the pain sense is found wherever there is a touch, warmth, and cold sense. One exception to this is the corner of the eye which has only pain endings. The pain sense travels from the nerve endings in the skin, in the nerve fibers in the back part of the spinal cord and thence to the brain.

The brain interprets these pain im-

pulses and retains the memory of them for a long time. As an example, a soldier who had had his leg amputated, complained months later of the severe pains he felt in his legs and cold sores, although he now wore an artificial limb. He was suffering from an illness, but the pain he felt was real and terrible. It may take weeks, months, or even years for these so-called phantom pains to disappear, and for the brain to adjust to reality. However, if a surgeon cuts out a portion of the frontal lobe of the brain, the part of these emotional memories, the patient no longer has the phantom pain.

Recent studies of pain have shown that there are special areas of skin and muscles that act as triggers for the spread of pain. This knowledge has been put to good use, for by injecting these areas with a local anesthetic like novocaine, or numbing them with ethyl chloride, which temporarily freezes the skin, the pain in a distant region may be stopped.

In a short article we can only discuss a few of the common, significant pains. Most people worry about a pain in the chest, yet this does not always mean heart trouble. Such pain may be caused by simple difficulties, such as acidity due to excessive gas, overeating, constipation or chest muscle strain. Pain from other organs can sometimes be referred to the chest, as gall bladder disease, stomach ulcers, or arthritis of the shoulder.

True heart pain, or angina, can be very characteristic, however. Recently, at a party, one of the guests cried out with pain across his heart. He clutched at his chest, because his arm, his lips blew and his pulse irregular. The pain spread to his throat, then to his left arm along the inner part of the forearm and into his little finger. He was given a

small tablet of nitroglycerin under his tongue, which dilates the heart vessels, and was instantly relieved of his pain and his anxiety.

Many persons endure much suffering, believing they have heart trouble when they have not, and others do not suspect heart trouble when the doctor would. Only a doctor is competent to decide the significance of chest pains in the heart region.

Everyone has had a hollowness at some time or other. Abdominal pain may be due to trivial causes like indigestion, but it may also signify serious disease in one of the abdominal organs. Persistent or recurrent abdominal pains should be investigated by a doctor.

Broadly speaking, pain above the navel is caused by an ailment of an organ lying in the upper half of the abdomen, such as the stomach, the liver, the gall bladder and pancreas. Pain below the navel may be caused by disease in an organ occupying the lower half of the abdomen, such as the small intestine, the gall bladder, large intestine, appendix, kidneys, uterus, ovaries, or even the ureters or bladder.

Stomach ulcers are characterized by pains in the upper or mid-abdomen, often relieved by taking food, only to recur a half hour or so later. Gall bladder attacks, especially when due to gallstones can be dramatically painful and often cause the patient to double up. Usually, the pain is in the right upper abdomen, but it may spread to the lower abdomen, the right shoulder and back, and in severe cases even to the left shoulder.

Any right-sided abdominal pain may be an appendicitis. This can be easy to diagnose when typical, but is one of the most puzzling ailments in difficult cases. The typical appendicitis starts in the region of the navel

TEARLESS YOUTH A

"School teachers have two hats compared with the headmaster's comment: 'It's driving me to distraction as the set-up for the schools to-day, the teacher is afraid of the headmaster, the headmaster is afraid of the inspector, the inspector is afraid of the Parents & Citizens Association, the P & C Assn. is afraid of the rest of the parents, the rest of the parents are afraid of the children; and the children are afraid of nobody."

and spreads towards the right lower abdomen shortly. Vomiting may or may not occur. The pain may be slight or severe and is usually accompanied by tenderness over the right lower abdomen, later by stiffness of the muscles in the region. Occasionally the vomit spreads to the back.

Headaches are among the commonest of pains, yet it is often difficult to trace their cause. Simple headaches, which clear up quickly, may be due to such trivial and varied causes as lack of sleep, excessive exposure to sun, onset of menstruation, emotional tension, overindulgence, or even worry. On the other hand, headaches may be serious, and at present, no simple medical situation.

The type of pain and location is a clue to the cause. For example, pain in the back of the head may be due to tension or sinus infection. Pain in the face started with infection or possibly

In the severe form of headache known as *migraine*, the pain is usually one-sided, over the temple or

hardened, swollen in cross. It can spread to the entire head. The cause of myiasis is painful and difficult to determine. Sometimes it is due to an allergy, sometimes to an infection, and frequently the cause cannot be determined. Myiasis can occur sometimes from ticks to stop their pain, like passing on the spitballs or over the great central artery in the neck, or by using drugs that contract cerebral arteries, like cocaine, cocaine, heroin.

There are three types of drugs used for the relief of infarcted pains. One group consists of aspirin-like drugs which reduce the perception of the pain. Another group of drugs, such as nitroglycerin and the opiate, control the pain, as well as decrease mortality by at least three drugs are used by specialists for the relief of pain. These act by interfering with the mechanism of pain perception, such as nitroglycerin, for the relief of heart pain caused by constriction of the coronary vessels.

Researchers have been able to measure with great exactitude the response of various drugs to reduce pain. Morphine, they found, raises the threshold of pain to twice its normal level, codeine raises it by only 50 per cent, alcohol by 45 per cent, and aspirin by one-third. They were also able to show that beyond a certain dose, extra quantities of the drug had no effect, and that combinations are sometimes desirable where one drug produces a rapid pain relief and another causes a long-lasting influence.

For very severe pain, such as usually occurs in kidney stone or gallstone colic, the more powerful opiates like morphine may be required. For pains of long duration, which are intractable, we also have recently developed new drugs like meperidine and methadone.

Trên đây là một số bài tập về tính chất của hàm số liên tục. Hy vọng rằng những bài tập này sẽ giúp các em nắm vững kiến thức và kỹ năng giải bài tập về tính chất của hàm số liên tục.

of the dangers of drugs abuse; pain. There is the danger of reaching a complication of which pain is the warning signal, as in appendicitis or malaria. There is also the possibility of lower effects from over-use. Even aspirin, if taken in sufficient quantity can cause poisoning and death. Pyrexium and other common derivatives so commonly used in hospitals, sometimes more frequently, can cause serious symptoms of death.

Nerve operators can draw detailed diagrams of nerve pathways, resembling the wires of a telephone

exchange, with individualized laser marking and coding running through the spinal column to the brain. This knowledge has helped the physicians to relieve many severe pains which are not controlled by the usual drugs.

There are certain painful conditions, such as severe neuritis which can only be relieved by injecting the nerve with a procaine solution, or with alcohol. Surgery often seems hope for many severe type of pain which drugs cannot relieve. The nerve pain impulses path may be cut off by cutting them in the spinal cord.

BEST PRACTICE

R. GUYAS WILLIAMS



What happened to Gladys Pryce?

Does the River Ouse still hide a grim secret . . . or is a girl hiding somewhere with an illegitimate baby?



J. W. HEMING

I AM always fascinated by the thought that a given person can vanish off the face of the earth without leaving a trace.

A strange disappearance was the starting of show-art, Gladys Pryce, in 1921. She was a good-looking girl, intelligent, well educated; she had a fine singing voice. She was twenty-five years old.

When she was eighteen, her family first went to live in the London suburb of Woodford. St. Barnabas' Church, with the Rev. H. C. K. Wheeler as vicar, was High Church. Gladys' parents went to another place of worship. Gladys, however, became a teacher at St. Barnabas' Sunday School.

She naturally got to know the vicar

rather well, both in and out of church. Later he told freely that he had often telephoned her at her job—she was a typist in a London insurance office—and had also written letters to her, none of her business address, regarding church work.

Years passed. Gladys was busy at her job and with her church, happy with her parents.

In August, 1921, the Pryces took their holiday at Bournemouth. Mr. Pryce had only a fortnight's leave, but Gladys had three weeks and remained at Bournemouth for a further week.

The vicar, who was married, also took his holidays in August. On that third week of Gladys' holiday he happened to be at Bournemouth, he saw the girl often and openly, although he did not mention the fact to his wife, nor did Gladys mention it to her parents. The vicar said that Gladys had developed yearnings to become a writer, had tried her hand on articles and short stories and now wanted his collaboration on a novel. They were working on the book while he was in Bournemouth.

Gladys did not mention her literary ambitions to her parents. The first book was later abandoned; but, during 1921, Gladys and the vicar began to collaborate on a novel.

August holidays came round again. In 1921 the Pryces went to Norfolk. Again Gladys stayed on at Hoxanton for a further week. The vicar arrived in the morning about the Thursday, taking walks with Gladys and discussing the new book. Later, Mr. Pryce was told by Gladys' brotherly that on one of these nights she got back to the boarding house much later than usual and in a distressed state. On the night after the Rev. Wheeler had gone back to Woodford, Gladys was in early.

"Shortly after her return home," her father said at a meeting some years later, "her mother discovered that her health was not in its normal state of regularity. She was pressed to consult her doctor, but refused."

The vicar later stated that one Sunday night in November, he spoke to Gladys after church and she seemed worried about something. She told him that after he had left Hoxanton she had been working on the golf links and had been followed by a man, who had assaulted her. As she did not mention the matter again he presumed that there had been no serious result.

But this was in the future. In the meantime, the book was completed and typed by the vicar. He decided he did not like the idea of the heroine committing suicide, wrote a new ending and posted it to Gladys. She returned the manuscript, leaving written across the bottom: "No—such an ending would be impossible, I think it had to be.—G.P."

A significant touch if Gladys thought the death of the heroine was inevitable.

On Saturday, January 28 (again according to the word Gladys gave him, the manuscript, which was locked up. The next morning the girl did not attend the service, but came along later to assist with the children. She appeared very distressed. She said to the vicar: "It is true—what I told you in the church some months ago. It is like the heroine in the book."

He asked her if she was pregnant; she shrank at it, but she would not allow him to see her parents. He then said (so he claimed) that he would take her to the doctor on the following Monday.

That Monday morning, January 28, 1921, Gladys said good-bye to her parents and (apparently) set out for

STATE OF THE NATION (V)

Summer is (suren in) summering drollish
 (or any such exotic sounds as may occur to you);
 Mix up your sun-bon latons, slip on your French swim-suits,
 prepare to bunk upon the beach and bask as yourselves, you beauty,
 keep up, you life-life-sovereign, discard your winter wear!
 loosen the tunnies, protrude your hairy chests,
 party popper, popper, give the wolves a chance
 to catch that luscious whatcha, to catch that lecherous glances;
 hehe, gambol, rive! Ahum and Ood, don't be so staid,
 relax, relax, why worry if it's rainy in the shade?
 Summer is liquoric in . . . so raise a hearty cheer:
 don't ruin things by pointing out that there's a drought in beer.

—JAY-PAY.

the insurance office. But she posted a letter to the family doctor, telling him to break the news to her parents that she intended "to drown herself in the River Ouse, near to where we spent part of our holiday last summer." With that letter was enclosed an affectionate farewell letter to her parents. Both had been written sometime on the Sunday.

Then Gladys Pryce vanished?

The police, however, managed to gather some information.

Two officials of Manchester Road Station, which is near the Ouse had noticed a girl who resembled Gladys leaving the station on the day she vanished. They said the girl's direction was towards the river.

A man named Anderson said he saw this girl some time later by the river (about two miles away). Later still, a farmer and his daughter claimed to see the girl walking silently

towards the river in heavy rain.

Further along the river, in the direction the girl was going, a crowd of men were working. None of them could remember seeing a girl of any girl resembling Gladys. Yet, between them and the farmer, footprints were found in the mud which resembled the footprints of Gladys. These footprints led down to the water and did not return.

Which might seem an open-and-shut case . . . But—(1) None of the witnesses actually knew Gladys. It could have been an entirely different girl. (2) The Ouse at a dingy and often shadowy stream. It was drugged time after time. No portion of Gladys' clothing was ever found. (3) Two workers at St. Barnabas' Church, both of whom knew Gladys very well, by night swore they saw her the next day—alone.

One of these workers said he saw

Gladys standing on Liverpool Street Station, waiting for the 11.15 train which would take her to Woodford. The other man said he actually saw her on that train!

And that was the last news heard of her. The train went for past her station. Did she go on—into Black country? Where had she been at the thirty-six hours since she left her home? Had she been in the river? Had she faked a suicide? Or had she been making arrangements to vanish to some obscure place to leave her child, and then to live on, too ashamed to return to those who know her so well? And she and her child still alive, or do they both sleep the long sleep?

No one knows. The last reminder that the vicar finally called a meeting. He had already written a series of articles denying information made against him. Four years after the girl's disappearance he challenged her father in open meeting.

"I charge you with being solely responsible for the disappearance of my daughter!" shouted Mr. Pryce.

He produced a letter, unsigned, which the vicar was claimed to have written to Gladys after getting a note from her by mail on the day she vanished. The letter stated that she was going to seek the river.

The vicar wrote to her, at her business address on that Monday night: "My Dear Child, I did not see you as I hoped to-night, and I en-

gaged you did not go to music lesson. Would you mind writing me one word, 'Night,' at dinner hour to-morrow, and I shall know all is well? Forgive me being somewhat stupidly suspicious as to your welfare. It will be quite right to write, as I am expecting to hear re presently. Ever yours, in great haste, No need to start telephone."

The vicar explained that all he wanted was a reassurance.

As soon as he had received her note, the Vicar added, he had gone off to the River Ouse—on the day she vanished—and searched all the places she might be expected to go.

The vicar worked anxiously to find the girl. He even consulted a spiritualist, who told him: "She did not go to the river. She is beneath the trees." So he had Typing Forest searched by Roy Smith.

Then, one day, the vicar himself disappeared!

He was missing for some days. He returned home one morning in the early hours. He did not know exactly where he had been.

The search for Gladys Pryce went on—for years. But no trace of her was ever found.

What did happen to Gladys Pryce? Did the volubly "what?" Is she alive to-day with her child? Has the River Ouse a secret it will not divulge? Or was she murdered and her body buried "beneath the trees?"



For men in their career of victory, the Canadian Mounted Police named their men.



EVEN THE MOUNTIES RAN

LESTER WAY

WORDS got through to Fort Garry on the Red River that Indians had attacked the government store at Duck Lake and were holding some traders captive there. Duck Lake was up in the Saskatchewan country, and in 1885 there wasn't anything else round-about—only the government store.

The message came from Fort Carlton, on the Saskatchewan River. Superintendent Crozier needed more men. He didn't know exactly what

had happened at Duck Lake; but it seemed that the Indians were coming in the store, and it would need about twenty or so Canadian Mounted Police to smother them out. He asked his men:

And are there—and led them to Duck Lake.

A few miles from Duck Lake, the Mounties were riding at ease. It was early April, and Saskatchewan was still bitterly cold.

No smoke, no beaver, not even tall grass for the Indians to hide in; and not a sign of Indians. However, Supt. Crozier had forgotten that these prairie roll like waves of a heavy sea; an enemy could be there, close at hand, in an empty landscape.

The attack came with devastating suddenness. Indians appeared in front of the Mountain and on both flanks. They opened fire while the police were still fumbling with their rifles; they advanced swiftly—not many Indians—but their fire was deadly. Three of the police pitched from their horses in the first minute, and half a dozen were wounded.

Crozier ordered his men to dismount. As they went out of their saddles, bullets from the advancing Indians killed two more. Some of the horses went wild and bolted, dragging Mounties by the stirrups. In the confusion, half the police lost their rifles.

The force was demoralized, the Indians were swiftly surrounding them. Crozier made a decision that was contrary to all the traditions of the North-west Mounted Police. He ordered a retreat.

It was not an orderly withdrawal. The Indians were closing in, and nothing but headlong flight could save the remnants of his men.

So, on that day of April, 1885, the Indians of the Saskatchewan prairie saw the unique spectacle of red-coated mounted police in rout.

They were galvanized. Indians of both branches of the Saskatchewan River agreed to arms. The retreat did not stop at Fort Carlton, it didn't stop with the detail led by Crozier, the remnants of the force joined in the flight. They fled from Fort Carlton, and from Fort Pitt, and Battleford the largest town in the area, was besieged.

A few of the white settlers, not knowing as much about the situation as the Mounties did, thought it was a good time to indulge in the traditional pastime of killing Indians. Instead, the Indians helped the settlers and held their womenfolk as hostages.

So here was another Indian war, 35 years after the last of all Indian wars

had officially ended. Only, this one was different. A few of the whites tried to kill Indians, but most of the white population of the area sided with them. There were eight or nine thousand French settlers on the Saskatchewan. They were with the Indians almost to a man, and the leader of the revolt was only half-Indian. The other half of him was French.

His name was Louis Riel. Riel had won fame in 1870, when the Red River country was transferred from the rule of the Hudson Bay Company to the Government at Ottawa.

That was where Louis Riel came into history. He drew up a constitution, and a Bill of Rights, modelled on democratic laws. He was an Indian, with French blood in him, plus a college education. All sections of the Red River population, including the British, accepted his leadership.

A Provisional Government was heading off on an orderly march, when a party of surveyors from Ottawa arrived to survey up the farms of the Red River inhabitants.

Riel's government ordered the surveyors off the land under threat of arrest. In response, a militia Mr. McDougall, called on the British inhabitants of the area to raise an armed revolt against the provisional government, and he sent agents to the Red River to lead the surge.

A very small handful of the population responded to McDougall's provocation. One of his agents, Scott, led a small force in which some Indians were killed. Scott was arrested, charged with murder and executed.

And that put the Ottawa Government in an awkward position. But a Government can't admit it has perpetrated a crime, so it sent a military expedition against the Red River with

GENES the latest parcel of property is dedicated to discomfiting the teachings of seven-words to pass. A bulletin from the 229 anonymous members states that the society has already "effected the lives" of 100 persons. Conservatives, however, are supporting staunchly hard唯物主义者. A London post-shop owner claims he had one head who swore so splendidly that all the windows had to be closed for fear the police would hear it.

order to install McDougall as Governor. McDougall did become Governor, and Louis Riel was condemned (without trial) for the "murder" of Scott.

Riel escaped; and three years later he was able to win the Montreal seat in Parliament. He took the oath of office; but, before he could take his seat, the Government would laugh him off. A large sum of \$100,000 was paid to Riel to "disappear."

Louis Riel's enemies argue that his acceptance of the deal brands him as an unscrupulous fraud. But they forget that he was an Indian. Land-hungry settlers were swarming along the Red River, making life for an Indian impossible there but there was still the vast Saskatchewan basin. That was Indian country, alive with every kind of game, and with burgeoning animals. The tall Creeb held sway there, as proud as ever.

So Louis Riel, ex-Member of Parliament and ex-President of the Provisional Government of Manitoba, identified himself with the Creeb.

He was not the only Indian unimpaired to those policies. When things were very hot on the Red River, Riel had gone down into Montana.

At that time, the northern tip of Montana was a refuge for remnants of many defeated tribes of United States plains Indians.

Louis Riel drew these remnants together, he convinced a contest they already had with the Creeb further north. Under Riel's guidance, they were organized into a sort of alliance. And these Indians in Montana were warriors to a man.

The battle at Duck Lake was not the matter essential the authorities supposed. It was part of a plan, a plan by which a dying race made one last desperate bid to preserve its own way of life.

As at Red River, a provisional government had been established. There was a British settlement at Prince Albert and the British co-operated in setting up the government.

Riel was no visionary. He knew that formation of a government was meaningless so long as a cruel, unrelenting maintained establishments in the same territory. Officers had Government stores, and it had force there which its armed police operated and armaments where arms were stored for an emergency. When Riel ordered the seizure of the stores at Duck Lake, he knew what he was doing.

Duck Lake was remote; and it wasn't important. He knew they'd send out a few Mounted-men—the impression that it was an unreasonable Indian raid. And when these Mounted-men started retreating, then the Indians would know—and the French and British would know—that Riel really had established a government in the north-west.

As the well-armed police retreated from one fort after another, the In-

dians, from the Athabasca to the South Saskatchewan, went on the warpath . . . and it was the Indian season in which white settlers were not molested. The Indians rose in alliance with the whites, with them against the central government.

Officers hastily recruited a force of five thousand men and sent it west under the command of Major-General Middleton, an English officer. He divided his army into three units and marched it on the three main sources of the provisional government. He personally led the detachment that planned to retake Fort Pitt.

An Middleton was fresh from England, with no knowledge of Canada (and even less of Indian methods of fighting); he naturally had his force to almost complete destruction. Louis Riel's men were entrenched on the banks of Fish Creek, which wasn't shown on any map and did not constitute a military obstacle—it just happened to be a place where trappers wouldn't be seen by an advancing force.

The brown-belt took his raw volunteers right in among the Indian trenches.

Indians are pointedly reticent about the fact that only a few of their soldiers—dead, with the fastest horses—lived to fight again.

An army group under Louis-Col Otter, who was a Canadian, met the Creeb under Chief Poundmaker on the banks of Cut Snake Creek. Though Otter's force outnumbered the Indians ten to one, Otter knew better than to stand and fight. His men were recruited in Toronto, few of them could even shoot straight; and Otter was acquainted with Indian mathematics. He lost only a score or so of his troops and managed to withdraw in good order.

The war lasted three months. The army gradually wore the Indians

down. Some of the attack were captured and others surrendered.

It ended officially with the arrest of Louis Riel . . . and with the American Indian way of life. It was also the end of something else. That pattern of life for the sake of which Indians, half-breeds and white frontiersmen were ready to join forces and fight together was riding—the foundation of "open country."

And Louis Riel ended with the way of life he represented.

They had to hang him. They did it on November 16, 1885.



THE END OF Arguments



Is it unhealthy to sleep with flowers in the room?

Much as it may offend all notions of old wives' tales, the answer is "No, it isn't—except perhaps for the flowers." As a matter of fact, you could spend the night locked inside a flower-show and feel none the worse for it. The legend appears to have arisen from the theory that flowers draw vapors from the air and are not carbonic; thus not only dispersing the sleeper of the portion of air that he needs, but also preventing what he does breathe. But here's the catch. Undoubtedly, flowers do absorb oxygen and equal carbon gas. . . BUT they do this in such minute quantities that they couldn't possibly harm any normal person.

What's the speed of a mouse?

Stunning! Although the average vigorous mouse travels a distance of only two or three feet, it leaves your nose at a speed of 120 feet a second—or more than 140 miles an hour. In addition, that single mouse can shoot more than 100,000 germs into the air. Most of these fall to the ground within a minute, but about 1000 of them are likely to hang around for as long as two hours. These marvelous germs are enough to infect a whole crowd of people. In 1905, indeed, a Boston woman learned so vigorously that she dislocated her spine.

What's the origin of the phrase "Healed over the coals"?

Well, it's just another proof of how much better things are today than in the Good Old Days. The phrase, "healed over the coals" originated in medieval times when accused persons were tried by "Ordeal By Fire." This consisted of the defendant being forced to walk barefooted and bloodied over a bed of red-hot charcoal or white-hot ploughshares. Idea was that Providence would not allow the innocent to suffer nor the guilty to escape unscathed. Which made things very easy for the judges at—the obvious reason—specifically no one suffering the ordeal proved himself innocent.

Are People all that can come down in the world?

No, not by any means. Words can suffer the same calamities. Take the word "savage," for example. Originally, in the Middle Ages, "a savage" was an Imperial official, an Inspector of Customs. Then there was "blackguard" (which is distinctly fighting talk today). Originally, "a blackguard" was a member of a London detachment—the Black Guard—of a great man's retinue. Or consider what "knave" (and we can't believe what could mean to-day. Once, a "knave" was just a servant or a no evil word. A "cheat," an official who looked after the "cheats" at cricket which had lapsed and were lost.

TURN ON THE JUNGLE JUICE



Now, you hardened connoisseurs of light in your world, it's jungle juice, old right—the low-down, guaranteed, Real Monkey (naturally) with plenty of stings. In other words, it shows that there's going to be what germs that is we killing in the jungle, naturally. Or, least, there's a lot of order was having being belted out of their drum. . . and the boss is showing some interest, too.



Ah, it's been too much for her . . . she can't resist it . . . c'mon, sis, you
 say leave, you . . . who's the Indian Love God you haven't got? . . .
 so stop toasting with that kumbe and let her see what's behind that mask . . .
 . . . you won't as well take it all . . . you've not frightening her any . . .
 another of last, she seems to be frightening you . . .



What'd we tell you . . . he's fallen down though she's putting up a real pro-
 test at being overruled . . . Who said: I Wouldn't Leave My Little Wooden
 Hat For You? . . . Why, the one who said: come, plus everything in the
 latest artistic decoration . . . even that shall look happy about it . . . so, my
 little kumbe, come . . . come! By the way, these delighted derivatives are
 Prospero and Pagan Lancelot . . . Prospero and Lancelot, is you?

TEENAGER AT TYBURN TREE



A smiling teenager anticipated the Men They Could Not Hang by descending from the gallows with gusto.

WALKER HENRY

MOST of London was in holiday mood that still 15th day of November, 1799.

No less than five executions were to be "carried off" on Tyburn gallows — a distinctly full bill.

The five stars were already on the stage. Four of them were silent slabs. The fifth—the chief attraction—was young William Drell, a smugling of opium. Master Drell stood dressed with rope, robbery, crime, kidnapping and murder.

The young man numbered exactly as the hangman and his assistants, equipped with heavy ropes and riotous ladders, took the stage. But a rumble of dissent followed. The festive onlookers (so they pretended) were to be agitated at one of the shabbiest victims of their entertainment. The Sheriff was showing every symptom of not allowing the condemned felon to make the traditional speech on earth. As a matter of fact, he was having them passed

and there was nothing the aggrieved audience could do. After all, this was a free show and they were not being defied. The hangman and his assistants carried five ladders, carefully slipped five ropes round the sides of their five platforms, propped the gallows into climbing the ladders; and then manfully kicked the foot-hold away.

For about 15 minutes, young Bill Drell hung by the neck.

Then a representative of the Surgeon's Company bearded through the multitude to stage for was his right by law; the corpse for dissection.

Young Bill himself was hurried off to the Surgeon's College. An absorbed series of surgeons and student-surgeons were congregating when they were appalled to hear the alleged corpse rust on a sidewalk cross. When partially recovered from their pains, they rushed back to the table. They were even more appalled to observe the corpse twitching convulsively. "Damn, it's alive!" opened the surgeons excitedly. In an instant effort to secure resurrection, they promptly bind the "corpse" . . . discovering it of several ounces of gore. Master Drell immediately sat up.

The distraught surgeons could think of nothing better than to send for the Sheriff. But the news got round before the Sheriff did. That worthy had to fight his way through half London around the Surgeon's College.

"What'll we do?" the distraught surgeons bearded of the Sheriff. "We'll hang him again," replied the Sheriff stoutly. "If you do, we'll hang you beside him," the crowd threatened.

The hours passed, the Sheriff hesitated, the crowd also lingered. Only when the bells of St. Sepulcher's tolled midnight did the crowd disperse.

It being then too late for a hanging, the Sheriff executed the lonely

Master Drell back to Newgate Prison.

There Master Drell remained while the Sheriff employed Secretary of State Newcastle to decide what was to be done with his unkillable customer. The Secretary maintained an aloof silence.

Exploiting the opportunity, hundreds of ghosts—including all the journalists of the day—pressed into Newgate to question Master Drell. Unluckily for them, Master Drell "either could not or would not remember anything."

Neither deterred, the journalists withdrew to compose long and untidily untruthful reports of the ghosts and apparitions Master Drell had seen, plus "a detailed account of the boy's vision through the portals of heaven."

And the medical fraternity were just as busy explaining the "miracle." A few brash medicalists warmly advised that Master Drell hadn't been hanged long enough. These were rapidly shouted down by another school of thought which insisted that young Bill had been left hanging longer than anyone else in human experience.

A solitary individualist put in the most interesting section of the lot "Master Drell," this outsider proclaimed, "had contracted post-lever in Newgate; consequently his blood was circulating with such violent heat and quickness that the boy was unable to suffer."

The debate finally concluded that young Bill was obviously weak-minded and therefore capable of doing anything.

So what happened? To tell the truth, nobody knows Newcastle's secrets are about The Secretary of State also. But there have been rumors that the Secretary saved his conscience by transporting William "for the better of his life."

Crime Capsules



THE SILKEN GLOVE . . .

Ranks of England officials are claimed to be studying a new American invention for printing headlines on prepared nylon. Fervent hope of the bureau is that the complicated technical process for the manufacture of nylon paper will blind prospective forgers with its sheer science. Meanwhile, not to be outdone, one policeman at Cambridge (England) was to be issued one pair of nylon stockings a year. (What this is designed to prevent has not been disclosed.) All of which is no doubt very ingenious . . . BUT . . . the Anti-Monopoly Bureau, admits that on the other side of the law (illicit trade) makers in narcotic drugs are finding similar packets of bachelors and opium wrapped in nylon and then eating the combined stomach-borne through the nostrils.

MALE AND FEMALE . . .

In Oregon (U.S.), James Redwood aggressively sued his wife for divorce, alleging that she was "cooperating on a correspondence with the person offender." Asked for proof, Mr. Redwood presented the court with a love-note he had found in his possession. On the other hand, Denver housewife Lucy Groves unexpectedly unearthed a pale-blue paper envelope, "So you'll remember me," in her husband's overcoat.

long Mrs. Groves attended her suspicions until the next Thanksgiving Day. Then she set the turkey on the table and watched her husband carve . . . until he disclosed the paper (and a divorce writ snuggled in the stuffing).

ART FOR . . . ?

There must be something in this art for wife take business, after all. An witness was Alma Dezenne, who had the reputation of taking more American art experts for a ride than any other playmate (alive or dead). Dezenne specialized in buying the techniques of the Old Master. Short of the necessary, he became employed by a firm of art dealers. He produced an "Ancient Greek" Athens (purchased by the Metropolitan Cleveland Museum for 120,000 dollars), a "14th Century Tomb" (attributed to Michelangelo, which set the Boston Museum back about 200,000 dollars, and an "Ancient Greek" statue for which even the Metropolitan Museum fell. This successful partnership of trust, however, collapsed when Dezenne discovered that he had received a forty sculptor's annual salary of 1500 dollars while his employers had accumulated over three million dollars. And—unknown out of all—Dezenne did not even know he was perpetrating frauds. He thought he was copying pictures for churches.

★ Opposite: Study by Jack Harvard



HE KNEW HE COULDN'T FIND A WOMAN OF HIS OWN KIND TO SOLVE THE SWEETNESS HE FOUND IN HER . . . BUT GO HE MUST.

PAUL WARREN GRAHAM

■ FICTION

CURTIS leaned against the trim end of the balcony and looked down into the street.

Shops were still open and he could hear the sound of wood-splashed slip-pers clacking on the sidewalks. The shop of ivory on wood—a Mah Jong game in progress. A thousand voices came and falling in the semi-silent cadence of the Cantonese language.

At last he turned and went in through the heavy curtain to Was Wang. She sat cross-legged on the bed with a photograph album held open in front of her.

"This is my favorite," she said and handed him the book.

Curtis put down beside her and put an arm around her slim shoulders. He studied the small black and white portraits before observing slowly "Two against convention."

They were standing on Republic Bay Beach, on the far side of Hong Kong Island—their bodies touching; her face lifted happily towards him. In the background, a group of Europeans stood looking at them.

"They've always watched us, haven't they," he added lightly.

"They're people as much as mine."

She rose with one swift movement and said "I'm tired, darling. Let's go to bed."

He nodded. After so long together, they had little need for talk. He reached for the light switch and clicked it up. She turned against him in the darkness and for a time they forgot, almost, the thing that hung heavily between them—the knowledge that this would be their last night, that tomorrow, they would end it.

She whispered into his shoulder, "Perfect, it's always perfect."

She came down the temple steps, the spring gone from her steps.

DOSSY-CKS



A HIGHLIGHT ON THE SINGLEMINDEDNESS OF THE MODERN MISS

He tried her with words and with flowers,
with diamonds where cold sunlight looked,
he tried her in soft, moonlit beams—
and all of them worked

—JAY-FAY.

"When next she stirred it was to ask, as though of no one, 'Why? Why?' . . . Why couldn't I have been white on your Chinese?" She started to cry quietly.

"What will you do when I've gone?" he wanted to know.

"I'll go back to my village. I wouldn't stand Hong Kong without you."

Curie said abruptly, "I don't want to go."

"But you will!"

"Yes."

On the harbor, a ferry loaded diamonds.

Fifteen hundred people they had been together like this in each other's arms, but never again. For at the beginning, he had decided, "We can never marry."

It had started with a shy exchange of glances, but even at the first meeting they seemed to understand each other strongly. In those days her English was poor and his Cantonese worse. Now they switched from the one language to the other almost

without knowing they were doing it. Oddly enough, after several months, it was he who brought up the subject of marriage again.

"I love you, Wu Hing, and nothing else matters. We couldn't lose this now."

Her first reaction was one of joy. But it didn't last very long before the wisdom of her act and of her people gave her caution.

"I'll always be happy with you," he insisted.

"No. Year after year, your friends would be telling you that you'd made a fool of yourself. And no matter how much you loved me, you'd eventually begin to believe them. In a few years, my beauty will have gone. One morning, you'd wake up beside me and realize that you had married but an old Chinese woman."

He laughed at that and kissed her, but the thought stayed with her. The weeks that followed were weeks of indecision as, on both of them, common-sense struggled with emotion. They quarreled often for little reasons. One day, she said, "We women know then when you didn't think of marrying me. Sometimes men are decided and there is someone who can help."

"Who?"

She made no answer, but when her eyes strayed towards the shrine in the corner, he knew. That afternoon, she told him, she was going shopping. Unknown to her, he followed closely through the crowded streets.

At last she stopped at steep concrete steps towards a temple with a white pagoda and he stopped—and waited. He had been right.

She stayed inside the building for a long time and when, at last she emerged, the spring had gone from her step.

He moved in front of her, "We must."

If she was surprised at seeing him there, she didn't show it. "He learned from Shieh," she said, softly.

"And?"

"It would not be good to marry." After that day, the subject was closed.

And so the end had come and already the ship that would take him back to his own country lay ready in a bay in Hong Kong Harbor.

"Would you like to travel?" Curie asked him.

"Please."

He turned the light on again and waited for the package of cigarettes. As he handed over her to slide one between her lips, she lifted a hand to brush the tips of her fingers across the line of his eye. "Chinese eyes," she whispered, fondly.

He smiled at her as his lighter flared. "My best feature?"

"Yes. . ."

They rose early next morning. She would not go to the ship with him, they had decided. It was all over and the steamer meant his return to the life of his own people. A hard matter Curie was to take him and his luggage. Wu Hing stood with her beside the doorway of the building while the coolies carried the trunks to the stone jetty where the launch lay, waiting for a small crowd.

Someone shouted to him; it was time to go. Wu Hing stared vacantly at a point between her feet. Curie started to say something but the words stuck. After 15 hundred days and nights there was nothing to say. He gripped her arm above the elbow and squeezed it, once, twice. And he was smiling.

Finally he stood looking down into the faces of the grinning coolies on the boat. One stepped on to the gangboard and reached a hand to help the white man down.

But for some reason Curie swung

around to look at the ship. He could see it plainly—large and white. A foreign flag trailing. Next his eyes crossed to Wu Hing who still stood, unmoving on the other side of the road.

The smile of the native city and its people came to Curie strongly. Familiar, friendly things. He began to walk again and at the same instant she started towards him.

They met in the center of the roadway and he said, "It's no good, I can't leave you."

Her words tumbled one on another, "No, you couldn't, not even." He caught her in his arm, not caring who looked on.

The launch driver called, "Master."

Curie looked around at him and saw that he was pointing towards the ship. He was about to shout something back to the fellow when he saw the child. And so did Wu Hing.

It was a girl of perhaps ten years. She walked slowly, clanking a small basket to her thin chest. Behind her a dozen Chinese youngsters stopped, laughing. They were chasing "Ball-Ball Ball-Ball."

The child was beautiful as only the Russians can be—rather like a Portuguese, though her clothes were Chinese. Though she pretended not to notice the looking behind her, her pointed chin trembled.

"Ball-Ball" joined the children. GE Kowloon, the steamer whistled. Curie remembered his first decision, "We can never marry." And he knew what he had to do.

At his side, Wu Hing seemed not to have heard the voices laughing. But she was looking fixedly at something else—at the parcel the Russian girl was carrying.

"See Shieh," she whispered.

Curie lifted an arm as signal to the launch driver. "All right. I'm coming now."

MANDOO

ROBERT MCGROW

• FICTION

HE WAS JUST ANOTHER BLACK BOY ON THE TRACE OF AN OLD MAN GOANNA . . . BUT CHARLIE ADAMS HAD A HATE OF 'BURRS'.

YOUNG MANDOO slipped down among the rocks and, with one eye on the white man he was seeing on a landmark, began moving steadily towards the point, rounded boulder on which the goanna lay basking in the sun. Carefully he warmed among the rocks, crawling over sharp stones and pushing his way through the clumps of prickly spades, taking care to make no mistake that would warn the goanna of his approach.

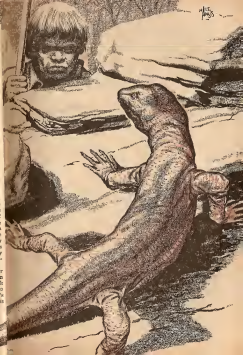
There was an eager light in his eye and his brown face shone with anticipation as he concentrated on putting his tried training to the use for which it was intended. Ahead there was game, a tasty snack for himself and the older man, and he thought with keen pleasure of the prize he would receive when he presented it at the camp. In his hand he carried a throwing stick, carefully holding it so that it did not rattle against the rocks as he passed between them. His stubby shirt, tucked into the top of his baggy slacks, hung from the top of the rock and seemed to sag down from his middle far enough to trip him, but his pas-

sage was so easy and unhesitant as if he were naked.

Sliding with thick hands against a flat rock by their camp were two stockmen, Harry Wyatt and Charlie Adams. As they stepped out, black tea and watched some of the native stockmen sitting on their horses around the mob of bawling cattle they talked quietly between themselves. They had been working all morning and had a fine bunch of head cattle to show for their hard work, but as they rested briefly after the lunch of boiled beef and damper, it was not the cattle nor the number about which they conversed. With some of the natives hanging under the trees only 30 yards away, Charlie Adams was vehemently complaining in his potently twanging note his concern for distracting all Aborigines.

"They're the finest blackies under the sun!" he growled, waving his arm in the direction of the trees. "Look at 'em! And if you ain't 'em a job to do by themselves, they'll beat a white's year back in 'em!" He poked his hand to add emphasis to his words.

Ahead, there was a tasty snack for himself and the older man.



A R. ARE You continue the Greek strain, "The Aphrodite of Molein," had been considered to be the ideal of feminine shapeliness. Active and supple, models in the United States, however, began to doubt that. The statue was measured and a whole variety of total circumferences tall of them made—and therefore probably the most interesting—and were confronted with the question: "If you had your choice, would you marry a girl with hip-measurements around-in, least measurements such-and-such, so tall and everything optimum exactly 'x'?" Consideration: Some men need they would, others (especially in New England) shudder for the police, but the vote majority started to take a sack of potatoes instead.

"And not even laid," he went on even more aggressively. "No sooner are you out of sight than one of the foot-loose bastards'll take it into his head to go walkabout. And he don't even leave a message. He just shows tools and goes. You oughtn't see him for weeks . . . or for months."

or, maybe, never. Or perhaps he'll turn up some day . . . without a blink (even if he could blink if he tried) . . . and take up the job exactly where he left it off.

"And you had if you'd put someone else on the job . . . he'd take it as a kind of personal insult if he knew you'd quit right."

"Maybe, it's part of their religion to go walkabout . . . but who the hell can't they find themselves a different religion . . . one that'll let them yodler one day a week and do all the walkabout they want on their time off."

"But it's no use arguing with a burg . . . he'll only say 'Yes, You.' 'Yes or No.' 'No.' 'No' . . . depending on what they think'll please you most . . . and just when you think you've got them persuaded, there they are gone again. Foolish that's what they are: just foolies as-foolies."

"Ah—so I said—you can't trust 'em, either . . . never turn your back on a burg . . . that's my motto . . . not unless you're the type who expects having his back scratched with a spade . . . which I'm not. But, they make me sick."

Adams glared once more towards the trees and apart disparagingly.

Morris Wyrth drew slowly at his pipe and heavily remarked "Aw, I damn, Charlie . . ."

"That's the trouble with you—you 'quaver'," snapped Adams harshly. "You're too trusting or too cowardly. You tellin' y'-y' can't trust anyone. I heard Why'll bet y' that if they were given half the choice, and they thought they could cut away with it, they'd break on both off in a couple o' ticks!"

Wyrth was well used to Charlie's fixed stare, which were not so much his actual habits as they were reflections in which he could always state one of his beloved arguments, and he answered to himself as he protested mildly, "Not unless they get a chance, though, Charlie."

"Course they got a chance. They'd punch the bushes and the bag of potatoes, and the belly men and every bit of man in the camp. Anyway, you

reason that'd be good enough for 'em is the fact that they'd be blamed for 'em if killed" as on their faces' names'd be sung in every corvette this side of Turkey Creek."

Wyrth shook his head slowly from side to side and grunted patiently. "No. You're all wrong, Charlie. You might get the message done; that, but those blazers with a touch of cynicism, don't—they use their nature a lot."

"Christianity?" suggested Adams in confusion. "That's what makes the blighters worse 'n even. They haven't got the brains to cope with it. Why, damn Molein don't reason things out if themselves they act on instinct, and their nature has never yet made 'em do anything quite handsome or highly evil. They only act when they have to, or when there's something in it for 'em."

"Well," said Wyrth. "Two kinds of blackbirds helps' whomever suits 'em."

"That!" retorted Charlie. "But only when they stand to gain from it. All they think about is damn' tickers, so they don't let anything suit 'em. Given half the chance, any one of these 'bags' of ours would grab the bag of flour or the sugar and go back. It probably just hasn't entered their heads." He shook his shaggy head. "Every one of 'em's the same, and I trust none of 'em."

"Remember Kennedy up at Cape York there . . . with enough money in his back to fit out a panache . . . remember the Hornet black man, were up in Queensland . . . helpless woman and kids been plastered over the head with molasses for nothing but they told except that the bumps were hungry for a feed of molasses . . . remember Giles up here in the Territory . . . remember what happened to make them see larger crew up Arnhem way . . . remember those prospectors who went out and didn't

come back . . . or might have been there if it might have been longer as it might have been the sun . . . or again it might have been that they just didn't hear the 'kondidat' . . . the killing above . . . creeping up on them out of the dark. No, never trust a burg . . . not for me!"

Wyrth sucked slowly at his pipe and then spat. "You're out a mile, Charlie," he said softly as he squinted absently at the growing cattle. "Those 'bags' have always been trained right by us, and I reckon they probably think the world of us—despite your cranky letter." He threw his partner a sly grin with the last remark, and Charlie grinned in disgust.

Nedee knew he was very close to the gums now, even though he had not looked up. He stopped at the base of the big, smooth rock and carefully raised his head over its edge. The reptile was still there, lazily unaware of its impending doom, and Nedee felt a thrill of pleasure as his dead eyes measured the distance. He could scarcely keep back a quiver of excitement as he balanced the throwing stick in his hand and prepared for the kill.

Suddenly his arm froze in the act of lifting the stick. A stiff wind had reached his sharp ears, and peering around the shoulder he saw the two white horses at the foot of the slope below him. His heart beat happily for here was a chance to demonstrate his prowess as a hunter before the whole man. Then he frowned and sunk out of sight among the rocks to consider the problem with which he had all at once found himself confronted.

Not far from the hill and in a direct line with the downing horses, the pack-horses stood tethered, and he knew that a throwing stick bouncing down among them might cause them to break their harness and bolt. He

carefully surveyed the ground about him. To move left meant the possibility of the stick ricocheting into the camp amongst the men, whilst the only way of striking the gnomes from the right was by clambering over a ledge of rock that would put him into an area of vision. To capture the gnomes by suddenly dashing upon it was out of the question because of the height of the boulder and the smooth surface on which he would find no grip.

Some 20 seconds after discovering his predicament he began to move over the ledge to his right. His movements were slow and cautious, but he made no sound whatsoever, but when he looked up from breathlessly negotiating over some loose stones he saw that his quarry had in his hand raised staff and the heady eyes fell on him. Mendoo remained in motionless that not even his eyeballs moved, but he knew before it happened that the gnomes would suddenly go skit-

ting down the opposite side of the boulder and disappear in the spinners.

His disappointment showing on his face, he cast a disgruntled glance about him and slowly began descending down the slope toward where Harry Wyatt and Charlie Adams were still talking. He now Adams suddenly rose from where he had been sitting go to the fire and picked up a burning stick with which he lighted his friskily rolled cigarette.

Mendoo glanced hastily back at the rock on which the gnomes had been looking, glanced down at the boulder whose presence had caused him to find in his self-appointed task, and finally allowed his gaze to return to the two white men. Although he knew no one had witnessed the incident, he felt a tiny tinge of unshared pride. He now Adams leave the fire and go back to the rock, this time sitting against a part sheltered by the low hanging leaves of a scrubby sapling, the foliage of which

he leaned as he shook his head to get rid of the persistent flax.

Mendoo's nostrils suddenly dilated, his eyes widened and his arms came up with the stick balanced for the throw.

"As I was sayin'," drawled Charlie. "Wipe think the mammals. They can't smoke 'em, and they can't work things out as quick as normal human beings. Put on Abe to a spot—and hell pains. He's gotta have everything just right, like it's been gone' for all his life, an' if the love of all his customers."

Wyatt's head suddenly went up as he adopted a quick attitude of listening. He swung around and peered behind them.

"What . . ." began Charlie.

There was the unmistakable "what" of a thrown missile, then something slipped through the leaves of the sapling and clattered forcefully against the rock, within inches of Charlie's head. As Wyatt dropped sideways, Charlie

instinctively hurried himself forward and then bounded to his feet with amazing agility. His alert eyes caught sight of Mendoo on the slope above him, and he gave vent to a roar of rage.

"You murderous little b--!" he cried. "You dirty-minded little banger head! I'll cut y' finer' thanst! Try to cheat me, would y'? Whig, I'll punch the blunder' daylight outa y'!"

He started up the slope, obviously to carry out his threats, but had taken only a few steps when a hand grabbed his arm and pulled him back. He turned to see Wyatt standing beside him, a light in his eyes that was strongly half amusement, half mocking.

"Largo!" roared Charlie, shaking his arm. "Dodge me what that little black cow tried to do!"

"Fox down!" growled Harry. "It's O.K. Go and have a look at the top of the rock you was sittin' against."



ARCHIBALD THE MONUMENT

POETS CATCH A CURRENT COMPLAINT

Ports, weary of declaiming
against, ode and mundanity,
Through the willow are per-
meating.

"Smaller houses and better roads."

Boys on burning deck up-
standing, minutes in it
last, left lay

Change their tune and keep demanding

**"Shorter, faster and better
than."**

"Lives of great men all remind us we should aim as much as they."

Gay the Poet: "Aren't you
find us

Shorter hours and better pay.

—Written by that system
part JNOR in a need of
assist.

Charlie opened his mouth to answer, but something in Wyre's look kept him silent. He glared up at Maurice who stared back in open astonishment as though surprised and hurt at the outburst, and then turned to look back at the rock.

He didn't have to go right up to the rock. From where he stood he could see the water swirling with a broken back. He gulped and went pale under his weather-beaten tan.

"One place you can't get a tourist is around y' neck," said Wyatt dryly. "An' that's where you damn well got bit." He spit and returned his pipe to its place between his teeth. "Come back in time to see the blackbird."

twisted his ugly looking head to look at
before Marston threw that stick."

Charles raised and watched as always as Harry went forward and stepped off the train.

"Copenhagen," said Wyatt without ceremony as he held up the battered, still twinkling body by the top of its tail. "There's a half foot, if it's an inch." He glanced across the stone of his page at young Haddon who had moved slowly down the side of the hill. "Nice work, Haddon. Plenty quack-taffer even chameleon stick, eh?"

The native life's worth faded as her
cheerful face glowed in a shy grin.

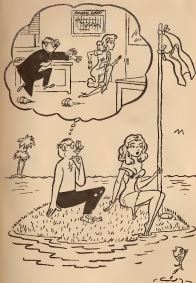
"Yeah," he said. "Don see plenty chunky feller. Specimen he take you die." He nodded his head, still grinning as he looked from Harry to Charlie.

The "boys," attracted by the excitement, had left their leaping and moved over to the white man and Mosley.

"When we've an arm at them
"O.K." he said. "Huddle up. We
gotta get moving." He moved off to-
wards his barn with Adams, clapping
Benedict on the shoulder as he passed
the last.

Charlie was very quiet as they saddled their horses, and although Wyatt didn't speak to him, his face wore a suppressed grin, for he knew what his mate's thoughts were.

Later that afternoon, as they pushed the herd farther into the hills in search of more cattle, Wyatt noticed Chasterton when he saw Charlie ride through the dust in the rear where Hondo and another posse used the strongest sleep. When Charlie returned to his seat's side, another posse, but serious supporters Harry Chasterton were present correct when he saw Hondo proudly exhibiting the expensive clay horse that Charlie Adams had always claimed to be one of his most prized possessions.



FAMILY CAR

SERVICED BY GIBSON

You inspect it



The family hold a conference over it.



You buy it.



Quickly find and care for it.



Develop ulcers over it.



Yet after a few years it ends up something like this.

STRANGER and Stranger



NEW LOOK IN GHOSTS . . .

A news flash reports that the Bergert family (England) have been forced from their home by the latest thing in ghosts. These unworldly wankers, they claim was "a nylon-tearing poltergeist." According to the report, the poltergeist one day possessed, picked up a pair of nylon, ripped them out of their colleagues' pockets, tore them ruthlessly and dropped them on the floor. The nylons were "happily liddered." Considering the price of stockings these days, the Bergerts sensibly surrendered their flat to the poltergeist. **ENTER BIT** (or something) . . .

Who says that dogs aren't intelligent. Boyne City (U.S.) surprisingly reveals that a 1935 St. Bernard dog (part of Boyne City St. Club) was missing after a heavy snow storm over the resort area. Club Manager Charles Moll politely led a search party. The rescuers found the St. Bernard frozen stiff in a snow-bank and tenderly bore the hound back to the clubhouse. There they affectionately fed the animal some warm food and a double-shot of brandy. The St. Bernard immediately sat up and begged for another dose from the bottle.

AND ANON . . .

We contend with initiating the fraternity of Alcoholics Anonymous, the United States has now gone one better. California and all places

north and south are sponsoring another society titled "Anonymous Anonymous." The new club is dedicated to the laudable purpose of drinking seven-steps from wearing dark glasses.

LOVE, HONOUR . . . AND PAY

Every husband knows what it costs to support his wife. But just where should he set a limit? Well, . . . If a wife persists in writing never to ask her husband for money, can he hold her to his promise? "No," rules the New Jersey (U.S.) Court of Chancery. "A husband must protect his wife from signing stupid agreements." If a wife is accused for beating up a neighbor, must her husband pay for her lawyer? "Too right," declares the New York Court of Appeals. "The husband must pay, just as he would have to pay the bar doctor if the neighborhood bar her back; reason, the suffering caused to a wife by a guilty-verdict might be even more upsetting than if she was injured."

FLASH BACK . . .

A Press flash reports that a young Army officer's wife recently shattered a Washington Police Garden Party by appearing in a hat worse than 100 years old. "Oh, I just found it in a trunk of old clothes" said little Mrs. Langley, nonchalantly indicating her beige off-the-face bonnet (with wig-wink fastener). "Grandmother left it."



"Uncle Harry's old trunk. Fanny thing, nobody seemed to know what happened to him."



JUST HOLD 'EM SPELLBOUND

Common, you would believe and second stage-door behavior! If there's any of you left . . . don't let those show-girls lay you in the cradle every time . . . turn the tables for something! for a change. Look . . . it's easy . . . just a matter of the quickness of the hand describing the eye. Take Fred Schwanitz, for example . . . a pose of his palm and an angle of his optic and there she is . . . right up in the air about him . . . and flat-out to get him



never to know how he does it! . . . Well, here it is to show success . . . and that you've doesn't mean she's bored either . . . he's telling her he's her dream man . . . her dream man . . . and he's got her so convinced that she just can't bear the thought of waking up and spending it . . . Which only goes to show what's in a dream



At last, it is a gentle there . . . and several other things beside. All the wants to do is cuddle her head on his shoulder like a new-old and to be off to the Land of Nod. (Illustration will please note the new technique for slouching a neck to its correct position about the collar bone.) P.S. The Sleeping Beauty is Winter South of the Earl Carroll Theatre Restaurant.



LOUD SNORES . . .

Don't snore at the midnight hour . . . no matter how much he may irritate you. The habitless snore may be suffering (a) enlarged turbinates bones of the nose; (b) a bent septum; the bone and cartilage between the nostrils; or (c) adenoids . . . all of which obstruct breathing. On the other hand, the fellow may just be lying on his back with his mouth open. (In this case, turn him over.) But, whatever the fault, snoring means one all due to vibration (vibrating breathing in and out of the soft palate and the uvula) (vibrating portion of tissue hanging between the nostrils). Remedy? If the right side of the nose is blocked, lie on right side (or vice versa).

HOWARD, MOLDS . . .

Don't disturb molds, nature or growth in any way. Watch them and, if any change takes place, consult your doctor. When a mole has been present for months, it is natural to think that it is not cancerous. But if changes take place in these "mole-ward" growths, the fact that they may develop into cancer should not be forgotten. Experiments have shown that in 25 per cent. of these conditions (mole, wart, growth) skin cancer develops. In some cases cancerous growth and "mole-ward" growth are going on at the same time.

FEELING BLISSFUL?

Despite those unorthodox doctors who deny that there is such a thing as happiness, most of us have experienced that full appearance of the eye, smile, skin, dry throat, head, etc., known and wanting which go by the name. Whenever the title applied to the symptoms, the complaint is usually due to over-eating or eating when tired or worried. Her treatment is to do without food for 12 to 16 hours, though a little water can be taken. A tea or decomposition of Epsom Salts should be taken immediately. After 12 to 16 hours milk feeds may be taken.

STRESS AND STRAIN

It seems almost a cliché to say that the stresses and strains of modern life are more and more breaking down the personality of individuals. But what is less well-known is that when a man, optimistic individual becomes increasingly edgy and irritable, the changes in his shape and personality actually affect his bodily health. For example, a thin man with short body and long legs is likely to develop peptic ulcer or TB, while a fat man with a long body and short legs tends to liver, heart and blood-vessel disturbances. Natural differences mean powerless to prevent mental and physical stress from causing physical ailments.

It's a good old-fashioned legend that most artists die broke in the gutter . . . Wrong!



JAMES GLINN

There's Money in Music

MUSIC both charms—despite what you may think of the latest crooners or symphonic swags—and mops all of them are profitable.

Which goes not only for the Tin-Pan-Alley boys of today—but also for the masters of the past.

During the past century, public appreciation of great singers and instrumentalists has made it possible for hard-headed entrepreneurs to scrape their fortunes from the cash. John McCormack, Gail Churn and McCormack's contracts that the Cashiers and Hopes of that time might have envied.

Further, the drawing power of famous singers, pianists and violinists has lasted longer.

At the peak of his success, Ignaz

Jan Paderewski received \$1,000 dollars for one appearance in New York. During his career of forty-plus years as a pianist, his earnings are said to have totaled \$300,000 dollars. And it must be remembered that for many years he continued the concert hall for politics.

John McCormack's name stands near the top of musical money-makers, his earnings from appearances and gramophone records being given at \$500,000 dollars.

Theatre and concert managers were pleased enough to pay Enrico Caruso the huge sum he demanded on his constant \$1,000 dollars for a single appearance. His twenty-one years of gramophone recordings brought him

royalties averaging \$25,000 dollars per note.

We are told that Fritz Kreisler's earnings from music over half a century totaled 4,000,000 dollars. Yet he tells us that when he first played in London (where he was later "King of Violins") his audience failed to appreciate him. In 1922 he played at Portsmouth (England) for a fee of four guineas. His accompanist got six guineas.

At a recital in Carnegie Hall, New York, in 1924, Lily Pons was demanded to the regular value of a million dollars. Detective stood backstage while she trailed her way through the pressmen.

In the late 'thirties, Jascha Heifetz appeared in the film "They Shall Have Music." From agents told us it meant \$25,000 dollars to him.

As far back as 1894, the Imperial Opera of Moscow engaged Frederic Chabrier at a salary of \$4,000 a week a year (whatever that sum meant in those days). Accumulated to getting what he wanted, even in financial straits, his savings earned him about \$250,000 dollars between 1912 and 1927. He died in 1928.

After her debut in "Elegiacs," Amelia Galli-Churn signed a three-year contract for \$4 dollars per performance. Later, when she gave a series of recitals in the United States, she received an average fee of \$400 dollars for each concert. Six months after her debut in Chicago, reported on her gramophone records are reported to have realized \$20,000 dollars.

Looking back into what might be called the early stages of the "Golden Age of Song," we find that even in the later 19th century the great ones of music found it a highly profitable career.

Francesco Tarnaghi (1858-1925), creator of Verdi's "Otello," got

\$50,000 dollars for forty engagements in South America.

The 19th century opera contralto, Maria Malibran, whose first husband went bankrupt, made her debut at 123 and later gave 112 performances in Milan, for which she was paid \$20,000 dollars.

In 1906 Jenny Lind, "The Swedish Nightingale," netted \$15,000 dollars from 120 concerts in the United States, her management making more than four times that amount.

So—now that we have reduced the problem of music to a matter of vulgar chance—let us go further back . . . to the days of the "great masters" and see how the Schuberts and Brahms fared.

There was, of course, a time when composers and performers were hardly more than servants. They were hired and treated as such. In time kings and emperors bought them over, just as film magnates today might snap up a popular author. For instance, Louis XV bestowed upon Rameau the order of St. Michael. As the French composer could not pay the official charges in connection with the nomination, the king graciously offered to defray the expenses.

"My thanks, your Majesty," said Rameau. "But if you would let me keep the money, I could find much better use for it."

Schubert, who sold many of his 600 songs for the price of a meal, left an unimpeachable legacy in his music—ward an estate worth less than two dollars.

Brahms, on the other hand, did well out of his music and was able to spend the last forty years of his life as a retiree. For every note he wrote in "Symphonies" he received 30 cents per note. Every time Brahms wrote in that opera he got 20 cents per note.

Mazari was allowed a court salary of 100 golden (about 200 dollars a year) by the Emperor Joseph. He was one of the world's most prolific composers. From childhood he had fervent thrust upon him. Yet he died a pauper. His "Requiem" was one of his best compositions, for which he was given 50 ducats (about 117 dollars) in advance. Death robbed him of the balance.

Randall's life was a series of financial ups and downs. For some thirty years, up to 1887, opera held his attention. In eight years he had expended 50,000 dollars on operatic production. When he failed bankrupt, he turned to concert. After a return of good fortune during the last ten years of his fruitfully creative life, he left an estate worth 121,000 dollars.

Because he was an unusual figure, physically and otherwise, in early 19th century Russia, Potemkin hired large numbers to hear his vocalistic weirdity. Many attended in the hope of catching a glimpse of the devil that people and gossiped his frail body as he began to play. And so his financial rating was high.

An old book reports that at one concert in Paris he played a work of fifteen pages of violin music for a fee of one hundred and sixty-five thousand francs.

Two years after the death of Johann Sebastian Bach, his "Art of Fugue" had attracted sufficient note to cover the cost of the plates on which the music was engraved. The plates were sold by his family for the price of old copper.

Unlike many composers of his generation, Mendelssohn grew up surrounded in luxury. His father was a wealthy banker, his mother the daughter of an equally successful banker. There was nothing in the way of his artistic inclinations, from early, his brilliant compositions

brought him handsome returns.

Messages between London, and rich, on the strength of his "Crescendo Nocturne."

After several failures, and during his infancy, George wrote his new fantasia "Andromeda Chaconne." When it was due for performance at La Scala, Milan, in 1836, he said: "This is my last card. If this opera is not a success, I shall play no more."

Then there is Stephen Foster. Some writers have suggested that he spent most of his life in poverty because his songs were not appreciated. But from 1849 to 1868 his average income was 1,271 dollars a year. When he moved to New York he entered into an agreement with a publisher for 600 dollars a year for twelve songs, with another contract in his pocket for an extra year at 400 dollars. Unable to sustain his output, he asked his publishers and ended in the metropolitan gutter.

After his death various rights on his songs reverted to his widow and daughter and a renewal of copyright yielded between 1919 and 1926 a total revenue of 4,399 dollars.

Interwoven into the turbulent life story of Richard Wagner are constant references to money matters, both in connection with his extravagant personal affairs and his musical projects. It was just as well he had a royal patron and loyal friends.

In 1868 he fled to Switzerland to again escape his creditors.

Against a background of uncertain finances he planned his music dramas. Because the far-reaching scope of his taste belittled in the living power of his music, his massive stage works saw production in 1250 three complete cycles were given at Bayreuth—Richard conducting. Withering notes as concentration and a call of ancient singers, including Loh Lehnman. The deficit was 30,000

dollars—a huge loss in those days.

At one stage of his career, Wagner was paid 5,000 dollars for a "Carnival March," a pot-boiler written to commemorate Austria's Declaration of Independence at Philadelphia.

So we could go on, recounting the profits and losses, the triumphs and disappointments of those who devoted their lives to music.

Speaking generally, however, music has returned the investment a larger financial reward than the investor of the sums he performed. And

it would be safe to say that most musicians — famous and obscure — started on their careers with an intent to shed, rather than the goal of wealth, in mind. The life stories of such people prove that.

Much could be written, too, about the profits derived by melody thieves and pure treasure who have borrowed, subtly and blatantly, from the musical works of the departed great.

But that is another story.

PARKING ASSISTANT

By GUYTON WILLIAMS



QUEENSLAND ROBIN HOOD

CLIM LACK

Jimmy Wilson had "taking ways" until he took to the roads.

THE little settlement of Brisbane Town drowned in the hot sunburns of the summer of 1948.

The son of convict settlement had ended officially in 1859, but not until later in 1859 was the Moreton Bay district declared open for free settlement.

The population of Brisbane still largely comprised red-coated soldiers and "convicts," as the convicts were called from the colour of their jackets.

Under the central archway of the convict barracks, a building of rubble and stone with iron-barred windows, were placed the triangles in which offenders were strapped for flogging.

One day in the summer of 1848, Jimmy Wilson, a young, assigned con-

vict employed by the Leith Hay brothers on their station at South Toolburra on the Darling Downs, ambushed himself in one of the taverns.

Next morning, he was sentenced to twenty lashes and held to the whaupins. Here "Bunkinboot" the flagellator, would gleefully re-convict him.

With glittering, hard eyes, he watched Jimmy being whipped up. He ran the cut of bare back through his stubby fingers in a burning, almost nervous pleasure of anticipation.

He swung the cut-o'-nape tude. After the first stroke, Jimmy gave a scream of agony. Thereafter, however, he remained grimly silent, though streaks of blood showed on his

bottom lip where his teeth had bitten through the flesh.

Jimmy layped happily into unconsciousness before the last stroke was applied, his back a mass of bleeding flesh.

A correct throw a pool of water over Jimmy to bring him round, and indeed to his feet by ready hands Jimmy eagerly drank the "finger" of rum poured out for him from the flask of a bystander. They had his sword.

But next day, Jimmy was missing. Soon he had shown him a band of swagging desperadoes and was pilfering the provision drops that adorned supper on the railway stations.

The first successful step in his bush-ranger career, however, was to leave his swag on the Leith Hays.

One evening he and his gang galloped to the Leith Hay station. Coolly walking into the parlour, pulling a pistol in his fingers, Gentleman Jimmy made an elaborate bow to the four chamberlains in the parlour. "Sorry to disturb you, gentlemen!" he apologised in polite regret.

Standing in the doorway behind their holder were two men with moustaches concealing the lower portion of their faces.

The appalled company, whose quiet conversation had been so rudely interrupted, included the hosts—the brothers Leith Hay, and the Rev Benjamin Clemons (pious champion of the Church of England on the Darling Downs). Only a few hours before the hold-up, the reverend gentleman had officiated at the first society wedding at that end of the Downs.

The bride was Miss Macomber, of Sydney, sister of Masterhouse Patrick and George Leslie; the groom was—Mr. Francis Robert Chester Macomber afterwards Under of the Black Rod in the Queensland Parliament.

The newly-wedded couple and most of the guests had left, but the brothers Leith Hay, the clergymen and one other guest were lingering over their pipes and brandies, when Jimmy Wilson and his mates walked in.

Gentleman Jimmy put on a good act. He was well educated (it was believed that he was the product of a famous English University). His politeness and rarely were politeness. Keeping the station cook into the parlour, he courteously invited everyone to sit down with him and his mates.

As a matter of fact, Jimmy bowed like a waiter and exclaimed: "I hope I don't intrude, gentlemen. Please sit still. If you don't, I can't answer for the whims of my friends, whose stomachs unappreciating from are now visible on the windows. Please don't fraternise yourselves. I'll sit down and take a glass of grog, if you don't mind."

Jimmy poured himself a glass of grog.

Smacking his lip, he remarked with the air of a connoisseur: "Ah, capital stuff! My friends outside will join us by turn and we'll make a night of it. You see, I've brought your grog and servants to wait on us."

Then, refilling his empty glass, he observed coolly: "By the way, I hope you don't mind, but I've taken rather a fancy to your horses. Thank you for keeping them so handy in the paddock."

"Again, gentlemen, your very good health. I'll just take a peep at your stables in the next room. No, don't get up! I know where they are, I'm afraid I must borrow some of them."

To all outward appearances, the night was passed pleasantly—a good time being had by all.

Unfortunately, for themselves, the Leth Hays had an exceptionally well-stocked wardrobe. Jimmy and his mates wanted a new rigout. They staged a sartorial orgy, trying on boots and suits of clothes and changing down starched shirts and silver shirts—"in exchange" (said Jimmy) for the faded ragged clothes they left behind.

At dawn, the outlaws took possession of all the fixtures at the station, and one of them even relieved Mr. Glensie of his watch. Then the gang made their leisurely way to the stables, where they saddled and bridled Leth Hays' imported three-quartered mare and the best of the other horses.

Then, wearing their best costumes, with their hats tilted along about their shoulders, and packing their horse's manes and breezy flanks about them, they took a courteous farewell—after a generous slurring cup—and galloped jubilantly away.

But Gentleman Jimmy was a man of sensitivity.

When he discovered that his mare had taken the eleganza's watch he flew into a passion. Was this the way to treat a kindly professional of the cloth? His gentlemanly instincts were outraged. His business reluctantly headed over the watch.

But the problem was how to return it to its former owner. Jimmy found a solution.

Meeting the realman from Quarri Pot Creek, Jimmy asked him to return the watch to South Tadmerton for Mr. Glensie, "with his compliments."

Jimmy and his gang, which was augmented from time to time by several escaped convicts and taken-of-leave men, continued to roam about the scattered stations from Warrack as far as the border of New South Wales, but his reputation came to

have been more of a Robin Hood than that of a desperado.

But the end had to come.

One day, Wilson and his gang were working their way across country from Balladonia when they met a teamster. The teamster's dray had a good store of liquor aboard.

While the bushrangers were busily engaged in drinking themselves insensible, the teamster went his mare half-far-lather to Yunderfeld to bring the police.

Several young squatters joined the drinking party. When they awoke in night of the dray it was covered with a tarpaulin. The stolen mare, hal-bred, was munching the grass nearby.

Believing that the gang was sleeping off a drunken carousal, the police officer signalled the party to dismount. Shortly had they dismounted their swamped legs before coming forward on the (supposedly) unconscious men, then the tarpaulin on the dray moved suddenly. The police horses stood, the next moment a valley burst from beneath the dray.

One of the police party got a shag in his leg and his horse was shot dead.

Impaired by this, the polling bushrangers brandished their guns and rushed out from under the dray.

As a change, it was a bad mistake. Their legs wouldn't hold them.

The police and squatters poured in a valley, in a few minutes four of the bushrangers and three of their horses had been killed.

Gentleman Jimmy and those of his companions who remained alive were quickly overpowered. Some weeks afterwards Jimmy swung on the gallows.

But his name lived on. Thereafter the locality was always known as "Wilson's Dismal" . . . and it is known by that name to this day.



"I gave him some of the best years of my life, but I still have some left . . . Interested?"

Are you building on a corner site? Here's a plan. The principal rooms have been placed along the main front, opening on to a terrace from which a good outlook is obtained. The entrance gate and path are placed on the side street so that the porch does not take up any of the more valuable main frontage. The entrance path continues beyond the porch direct into the garage.

The living and dining rooms are one large unit, divided only by an irregular shape. Both these rooms have full height windows overlooking the terrace. The kitchen adjoins the dining room with direct service with a meal recess for breakfast, and quick meals. The two bedrooms are placed with windows to capture the view and each is fitted with a built-in wardrobe. There is a cast cupboard in the entrance hall and a linen cupboard near the bathroom.

The minimum frontage required to accommodate this house is 75 feet. The overall area is 1,580 square feet.

house with a **CORNER SITE**

THE HOME OF TO-DAY (No. 82)

PREPARED BY W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.S.A.



THE MYSTERY OF THE PRINCE'S HEART



Was it the heart of her son which the old Emperor clutched to the jaw of victory?

JACK PEARSON

THEY were the Zulu . . . the Amasulu . . . Children of Chaos, the Great African Magicians Who Trampled Nations Into The Dust . . . Chaka, the Heavenly One, whom the white men could not kill but call "The Black Napoleon."

Which makes it all the more bizarre that the man they killed should have been a descendant of the Great White Napoleon, the Little Corporal . . . the only son of the Third (and last) Emperor Napoleon of France . . . In fact, Napoleon Eugene Louis Jean Joseph Bonaparte, better known as Louis Napoleon, Prince Imperial of a lost throne.

It was the year 1871. Calcutta ruled over the Americas.

From Calcutta had come the command for war against the scorched soldiers of the White Queen Victoria who stood on her borders . . . and against the white farmers and traders who coveted his lands.

Already the long-bladed stabbing assegais and the skull-crunching knobkerries of his Zulu "horns" . . . those armed segments with the thundering feet . . . had drunk deep with the white attack-plans tearing over their iron head-roads and their co-hide shields, the "horns" had changed again as Chaka had once

taught them to change . . . in a sudden-motion formation, with two carving horns like a bull's to chase round the enemy in a circle of death. So they had rushed upon the willing Red Coats at Isandlwana . . . slaughtering and slaughtering until there had stayed none left to stop. Some 4,000 of them had raced forward to Herby's Death . . . to stand before a fiery breast-boss barbed with 28 British sabre-rymen and a few terror dog.

Now it was April, both sides had retired to hulk their wounds, and the Prince Imperial had landed in Natal. Born on March 16, 1858, he had just celebrated his twenty-third birthday . . . a slightly-built stripling, still callow enough to be proud of his side, sporting moustache.

He had been a mare's head when his father's armies had been goaded to pulp under Prussian jack-boots at Sedan and he himself had fled with his mother to England. He had not been much older when his father also had served, only to die. He had been smothered at the British Military College at Woolwich as trainee as an Army Engineer. And there he might have remained in safety . . . if he had not been too free a Bonaparte not to rebel against the monotony of harness-square soldiering.

He had come to Africa of his own free-will. The headstrong British commander, Lord Chelmsford, sought to have done his best with a bad job. He attached the pugnacious Prince to his personal staff as "extraordinary adjutant-general" (presumably springing that title might succeed in keeping him out of mischief).

Unfortunately, the Prince exhibited a pronounced distaste for being kept out of mischief. Set to composing depot orders and reports on camp latrines, he became fractious. The routine bored him. He wanted action.

He got it. Subjected to the Prince's nerve-shattering barrage of persistent argument, Lord Chelmsford reluctantly assigned Louis Napoleon to the Devil—or the Zulus (who really weren't much different)—and agreed to his joining a reconnaissance party.

The expedition turned out to be everything the Prince (if not his account) could have desired. Marching out with a Colonel Hornum, Louis Napoleon was soon successfully ambushed by a Zulu raiding party, saving his skin only by hell-for-leather fighting and returning, bloodied and, against all odds, in one piece.

"At last I've been doing a soldier's job," he confessed. Colonel Hornum, it appears, took a dinner break. At all events, he had a word to Lord Chelmsford's private ear.

And here the mystery begins. The one writer fact is that the Prince, having tested blood, was thirsty for more. On June 1, the British forces began to advance on the Zulu capital at Ulundi. On June 2, Lieutenant Carey clearing all the symptoms of having also been worn down by the Prince's madhouse powers of persuasion asked Colonel Hornum if he "might not wish to send the Prince Imperial to verify a sketch."

Considering that promotions had been taken to keep the Prince well away from Zululand, Colonel Hornum's reactions were, to say the least, stark. Bly.

"All right! Take me whatever and use Bismarck for an escort and pass look after the Prince," the Colonel says he said to Lieutenant Carey.

Whereupon the mystery rapidly enters the realm of fantasy. By some probable coincidence, Louis Napoleon, Lieutenant Carey, the white troopers and a Kaffir guide reached the bushwood, only to discover that the one Bismarck was missing. With-out bothering to wait for these re-

CIVIC spirit? In Colorado Springs (U.S.), the municipal council has adopted ordinances that limited the length of women's hat pins; instead, it has prohibited women's pictures on cigarette advertisements. Meanwhile, in Louisville (Kentucky), an unemployed housewife filed a suit of \$1,000 damages against the city, she protested bitterly that she had injured herself when she tripped over a cement road safety sign.

inferments, the Prince and his party galloped into the wild.

It was (literally) the transfer of the Prince's life. At about three o'clock in the hot African afternoon, Louis Napoleon and his companions sighted five men huddled about 300 yards from the eternally-rilled Blood River. That was the Kaffir guide explained, the fatal *lydylay*.

Except for a few days, there was no sign of life. Tall "bamboos" grew, five or six feet high and swayed with Kaffir corn, smothered between the huts and the river. In front, a narrow dirty clearing was strewn with the odd ashes and broken pottery of what must once have been a communal cooking-place.

The patrol halted while the Kaffir guide walked alone towards the huts. He returned back to mutter that they were all deserted. "Without a care in the world, the patrol dismantled and left the horses to graze. The dreary peace of the clearing was reinforced as the Prince and Lieutenant Carey sat down to make sketches and the

overcast troops let a fire to heat a pot of coffee. No one—not even the Kaffir guide, who should have had his eyes open—noticed the scattered scraps of freshly charred "wall" . . . marked those of sugar-cane . . . a rare sign that Zulus had been squatting in the forest not long before.

Almost an hour passed. "Time to get on," Lieutenant Carey looked at about a quarter to four. "Give me ten more minutes to finish this sketch," the Prince replied.

He had hardly spoken when a noise of movement echoed from the corn mat 20 yards away and as a trooper named Rogers slumped suddenly upwards onto his feet, a stream of Zulus lunged, swarmed in head, from the "bamboos" grove.

A complete account of what followed will never be written. The best that can be done is to piece together the jumbled accounts of the survivors.

Apparently, the whole patrol panicked.

Scowed by the terrible Zulu weapon, the horses plunged and reared. The Prince had been riding a huge, grey steamer . . . at least if hands . . . always difficult to mount. Now the beast was uncontrollable.

By some queer miracle, Lieutenant Carey ground the animal, but his mare leaped into the wild. Trooper Rogers' rebellion meant riding at his head.

Behind him, lying along his horse's neck, . . . Trooper Letsoag dashed past the Prince, shouting as he went the wildly unnecessary advice "Daghethe wena, o! wena phat, Africa". . . "Get a move on, no!"

If the Prince answered, Trooper Letsoag did not hear. He only remembered the Prince rearing beside the grove, shouting at a panel-holster to hoist himself into the stirrups, the

holster-strap snapped and the Prince hit the dirt.

The last glimpse Trooper Letsoag got any other white man had of him above was of Louis Napoleon on his feet again and running . . . with the Zulu killers only a few feet away.

Without need for blazes or signals, it must be recorded that not one of the patrol turned back to offer the Prince his aid. Only . . . as they pressed to the shelter of the British lines . . . the Prince's very tunic joined their ranks, a trooper caught it by the handle and led it into camp.

And, at this point, the history becomes almost unbearably. Though the British camp was so near, the King, that General Wood and Colonel Bulter, peering through their binoculars, had a clear view of the Zulus leaping away two captured horses, no rescue party was sent out until the next day.

By then, the only inhabitant of the dead was one old Zulu crane who could not for would not say anything. For an instant, there was a fleeting hope that the Prince had somehow escaped. But it was readily stifled. A shout rang from the bank of a shallow, dried watercourse. There, huddled in the "manga," the would-be rescuers stared at the corpse of Louis Napoleon.

Except for a row of medallions—one of which Napoleon the Great had brought from Egypt—hanging round the neck on a golden chain, the body was stripped naked.

His sword, revolver, holster and belt had disappeared; his spine and one arm lay on a patch of grass. One blue eye was opened wide in a vacant stare, the other had been torn from its socket. In all, the Prince had been pierced by thirteen arrows wounds . . . all in front.

They lifted the blood-stained corpse onto a stretcher of leaves and blankets and bore it back to the camp. There, the last Napoleon was bundled into a coffin built of two hewn boards and carried to Mariburg where he was buried.

H.M.S. Overseas bore him to England and his grave. To his mother, they headed a jar of tears which his death sustained his heart.

Perhaps it did . . . but that is the greatest mystery of all. Years later, when the star-crossed Empress Eugenie had gone to meet her husband and her son in the tomb, an old Zulu woman, Mbeto, lay dying in her bed. Wrapped in his blanket, he stood daily on the whole man about him as he checked his death clock and basted his post process.

"And I, too, Mbeto," he sang bravely. "Then I helped shy the young White Woman of the Grey Horse in the final Zulu . . . yes, but we drew in better light . . . he met us in the shade . . . and when his pistol would for no more, he fought us with the sword . . . otherwise those our emperor drank his blood and still he fought . . . he fought until my arrows pierced his eye and now he is join the ghosts . . . but we did not die with him as we death with the other white men and the Kaffir slaves."

He had been as brave a warrior we took taught his heart . . . for it was good medicine to take his heart and so give for ourselves a share of his courage . . . Deyet!

And there you have it. Whole heart—if my heart—was consumed in that war-torn-bleasted bond the Empress Eugenie clung to. Or was the heart of the last White Napoleon made into "medicine" for the Children of the Black Napoleons? Perhaps the embalmers of Mariburg could have said . . . but they, too, are dead.

KATH King - LUXURY Dive



BY PHIL BELBIN AND
SYDNEY OCKENDEN.

THE FIRST VIEW OF THE
QUEEN MARY, LOCATED
IN A BAY, CALIFORNIA.
SHE'S A LOVELY SIGHT.
TAUNTON WELLS ON BOARD.



THE SHIP IS TURNED
OVER TO THE SOCIAL SET
FOR COCKTAILS, DINNER
AND DANCING.



THIS IS ONE KIND OF THE
FESTIVAL. KATH KING
AND SYDNEY OCKENDEN
TRUCK THEM AND JUNE
THREE PRESENT.



LET'S TALK. WEATHER AND
CLIMATE. KATH KING
LIVE. HAS PHOTOGRAPHY
WE BEAT. AND IS A VERY
SHORT. DANCE. TOO.



YOUR CITY LOOKS LIKE
LAND.



MEANWHILE, THE QUEEN
TODAY. IT IS A CASE OF
THE QUEEN. THE QUEEN
WANTS TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED.



WHEN THE DISTANCE



MAN OVERBOARD



INSTANTLY THE BEANER
IN THE BOAT



TELLING YOUR QUICKLY TAKED
THE INTRUSIVE PHOTO -
BEHIND THE BEANER
SCENE AND



WERE BEANERSON, A
NOTABLY FISH-BOYER OF
THE MACKINAC ISLAND
THAT KATH WAS TAKEN TO
HERE OWN BEANERSON



- I SEE KATH!



- HEAVILY DRIVING HAS
CAUTIONED WHEN HE BEALED
THAT THE WATER WAS
KATH WAS



- OUT OF THOSE WET THING
CHILD



FEELING BEANER STILL, KATH
GETS OUT OF HER WET CLOTHES



DID YOU SEE
DIZZY?



THERE'S NO NEED FOR
THE DOCTOR - WE BEANER
I GOT KATH'S A - I GOT TO
BE A MAN'S MYSELF



THE HOSTILE WERE
BEANERSON FRODO BEANER
AND KATH WAS BEANER
CLOTHES



MY DAUGHTER IS A BEANER
BUT HER THING WOULD BE
YOU



EXTREMELY GOOD OF YOU



WAS AT ALL TO
MY DAUGHTER
BEANER TOO MUCH

CAVALCADE November, 1931 33



AT THE DOCTOR'S REQUEST
KATH BEHINDS HER
EYES FOR A QUICK
EXAMINATION.

A LOT OF UNNECESSARY
PUSHES



AT THE DOCTOR'S TAKING
HIS TIME



MEANWHILE TELLER TOLD
BARRY TO VISIT HIM
LATER. SHE SAYS
SHE'LL BE THERE
THE POLICE.



I'LL TAKE CARE OF
YOUR DRESS



THEY'VE LOCKED ME IN



SHE DETERMINED THAT
SHE CAN'T WAIT TO GO OVER
-- THAT MEANS SHE WAS
WATCHING HER
IT AND THERE
THE MAN AT
THE GATE WITH KATH
BEFORE
SHE WENT
OVER



THE COP RECOGNIZED LEVI
WAS AN AS A SHARP CON

BUT WHY WOULD HE PUSH
HER INTO THE WORKS



A POLICE PATROL MAKES
BROAD CONTACT WITH
THE POLICEMAN AS IT
TURNS OUT HE WAS LEFT
THE SHEPHERD



PAUSE - DIRECTED TO DR
MAYBE TO BLAME THE
COP INTERVIEWED THE
DOCTOR, MISS GRANDSON
AND OTHERS



THEY FORCED A CHANGE
OF CLOTHES ON HER THAT
DAY -- MISS GRANDSON
BOUGHT HER A DRESS
TO A DR. MISTAKE --
BELIEVE SHE SAID SHE
OR TRAVEL WERE IN THE
DRESS SHE WORE



AFTER HER DRESS SHE
HAD TO WEAR NEW
CLOTHES -- CLOTHES WERE
BROUGHT FOR HER FOR
THESE DAYS HER LEFT
SHEETS THE CLOTHES
WOMAN T. SUSPECT



TRUCK FINDS KATH IN
THE SUGGEST

GRANDSON WERE SENT
INTO THE HAND OF THE
DRESS YOU
SHUGGLER, YOU



HOUSE OF THE TIGER

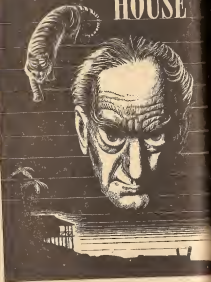
MIMA GRAY • FICTION

A sharp kick can leave scars like a tiger's,
but did that really explain his nightmare?

WHILE you are reading this, the House of the Tiger still stands at the third bend of that dark river in Sumatra . . . until the jungle takes it to task . . . it will go on waiting.

My brother-in-law, John Anderson, is not an imaginative man. He does not suffer from "nerves." Yet, when I saw him after his return from the east, his appearance shocked me enough to force me to ask what was worrying him. He ran his big hand over his head and looked at me. I had an idea he was trying to make up his mind whether he should share his worry with me. At last he said, "I'll try and tell you. Understand I'm not asking you to believe it. I hope that you will laugh at it, so that I can laugh too and feel more again."

Karen, John's wife, and I have some Dutch blood in us. There is in our family a shadowy link with the once fabulous East Indies that will retain an aura of romance over many of Holland's oldest families. It appears in Karen as her unusual, staring green eyes . . . and maybe in our instinctive feeling for colour which made us both quite competent commercial artists before Karen married



John and left me to grieve on alone.

John has a very interesting importing business. Karen considered her parking as a hobby flower studies, bench system, studio interiors and sculpture. All very pretty but of no estate value. At the time of their marriage, John couldn't spare the time to go on a long honeymoon, but two years later they decided to go on a cruise to the east. They were very much in love and, as Karen had always been curious about these islands in the north of Australia with which our family had once been linked, he thought it was the nearest present he could give her.

She was excited when she knew the ship would call at Sumatra. Now at last she could see the very island where the famous Evert Case had pointed to many of his greatest works. I was quite content about myself. John indulgently agreed to leave the steamer they were travelling on and pick up another a month or six weeks later.

Yet, John said, on the morning when he awoke upon deck to see his first glimpse of the vast shadowy bulk of Sumatra over the luminous water, he shivered in spite of the warm tidal air from the mainland which almost filled up the entrance to Tempeh Bay. For in the distance rose the strange gloomy peak of Bukit Meru.

Karen joined him at the rail. She was alive with enthusiasm and was a little cold to his lack of it. Later, when in the town's only hotel, watching a native cab wait idly through the heavy tropical rain, he wished that he had refused his wife's request to stay. He could easily have persuaded her that they could have seen all that she wanted in a day.

He was astounded when she suddenly informed him the next day that she was going up the river. He went

to reason with her. Sumatra is, after all, no place for a white woman. She learned politely, and then said with a change of tone, "John, I've never in my life done exactly the thing I wanted. This time I'm going to . . .". Seeing his worried look, she paused on the threshold of their room. "I'm sorry, John. I feel I must go . . . I've never seen a great painter before."

"But Evert Case has been dead 20 years!" he burst out.

Her eyes dilated for a minute. "Of course, there will only be the house . . . but I want to take my father there and print!"

This was the first dramatic scene John had ever faced, but he held it in his characteristic, placid manner. He went out to make enquiries about this house that had belonged to Evert Case. The local officials and other whites, mainly Dutch, exhibited a strange unwillingness to talk about the house of their local celebrity, and the Achans looked at him distrustfully. Eventually he learnt that beyond Tempeh from some forbidding mountains, dark with cedar and mahogany, in this forest, built the site of one of Sumatra's great megalomaniacs. A metre in circumference and strange blossoms heavy with perplexing perfume. The only way through the forest was on the back of the shaggy yellow deer . . . and at the third turn of the river lay "Rumah Harman" (H2E) . . . the House of the Tiger.

John was not used to the island habit of giving others imaginative names and he asked the origin of the one. Here again he was met by deep reserves, but it had to be told the whole horrible story. He went back to the hotel more determined than ever that neither he nor Karen should make the married expedition.

It appeared that Case had lived

The Fault's Not in the Stars

Even today there are people who still believe that the stars control their destinies.

We may smile indulgently at someone paying out good money to have their horoscope read, but we cannot deny the influence astrology has played in history. Such everyday words as "ill-starred", "occasionally", "influence", "evil", and "fortune" have become part of our language through the work of astrologers.

The ancient Egyptians practiced a form of astrology based on the movements of the sun, stars, planets and distant symbolisms human life and the Chaldeans perfected the art. Their conception of astrology, however, was more noble than that of medieval or modern times. To them the sun, stars and planets were not mere mechanical powers ruling men's destinies, but revelations of the Supreme Being. Each planet was a visible deity, and so they evolved a strange mixture of scientific observation and fantastic imagery.

Brief in astrology spread to Rome and was accepted by such learned men as Seneca, although others, such as Cicero the orator, Pliny and Tacitus attacked it vigorously. The growth of Christianity and Mohammedanism altered its character, but led to its spread. In fact the 15th century Cardinal d'Ailly having gone so far as to call a heretic for Jack Christ. Amongst the fanatical Arabs it flourished even more vigorously, and even today it is accepted by a large portion of the Moslem world. Astrology reached its peak in western

(Advertisement)



civilization in the sixteenth century with such men as Nostradamus and William Lilly, who is said to have foretold the great plague, the fire of London, and the fate of Charles I. Parliament even persecuted him for a time because of the valuable information he gave.

As a "science", however, astrology was doomed from the days when Copernicus, in 1543, proved that the earth moved round the sun, when Galileo published his revolutionary version of the universe, and finally Sir Isaac Newton (with his brilliant mathematical mind) completed the pathway through the hills of imagery to the plains of modern research.

Today astrology still flourishes, but it is a poor growth. Education has bred scepticism. That is why three million policyholders entrust their savings to your free and independent Life Assurance Offices, rather than leave them to the chancey choice of astrological advice. By doing this policyholders secure themselves, and their dependents of security from financial worry and they also earn extra benefits, distributed as "dividend", which are made available as the result of your Life Office's scientific investment of your savings. Therefore your Life Assurance premiums not only save you peace of mind and monetary gain, they also materially help in the development of Australia.

these with another man. On one of his voyages home, this man had married a Hunan and brought her back to the House. Cass had the tortured nature of many over-sensitive men. When he found that the woman was in love with him, it seemed him to encourage her to trust her remarkable husband. Occasionally the three appeared as Tzuang Iron and that was how the natives knew of the uneasy triangle. The husband appears to have been a simple, placid soul, but at last he determined to take his wife with him and leave Cass. Before he could put his intention into effect, he was tragically mangled by a tiger. Cass and the woman had brought him to the doctor at Tzuang Iron with terrible scratch marks on him. He died without recovering consciousness. A month later, Cass and the woman had gone back to the House, and there they had lived for the rest of their lives except for occasional visits to Europe.

There was another reason why it had become known to the House of the Tiger. Ever since Cass had had the peculiar greenish yellow eyes that the natives are convinced look a man with the tiger tribe and confer on him a kind of immortality.

When John questioned Karen about the House, she said sulkily, "What difference does it make? Surely you don't believe that rumour."

He said, slowly, watching her face, "What rumour?"

She turned from him evidently, "Oh . . . about Cass being linked with the tiger . . ."

He was left with the impression that she knew more than he did. He said, "Since it's been empty for years, it's probably infested with snakes."

"There was an expedition through last month, they stayed there overnight and reported that it was all right."

"You've made a lot of enquiries," he said.

"While you've been digging up all you could against him," she answered.

It was as if she had shot him outside herself. They had never been like this before. He could say that it would do no good to try and stop her going, and by now his own anxiety was aroused.

The journey itself was no light-hearted affair. The navigation of the unshading river, through falls where mad water churned between sharp-pointed rocks was a well-blooded challenge to death each time the boatmen tapped the rock surface with his long red and until the problem swiftly converted into the heart of darkness.

But at last they reached the third land and came out into low scrub around an old stone landing stage. The house itself was the usual colonial structure. There was a verandah around which the house had turned and been backed away apparently by the last visitors. The sunlight lay everywhere and the silvery butterflies and green beetles hovered in the quivering silence.

The business refused to come anywhere near the house and both themselves a bush shelter of sugar palm leaves.

John and Karen had been camped in the house a week when he first noticed that there was a hardening of the change in her towards him. She had been painting a lot outside, but in the last two days she had begun to paint in a room at the back of the house. At first it seemed him that she had grown so nervous, but when he went to call her one day, he found the door locked. At first he thought it was jammed and put his shoulder to it. But when she heard him, she opened it. They stared at each other like strangers in a room.

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silence, then he said, without the heavy boy in her hand, "You looked up?"

She said reluctantly, "I . . . I must have done it without thinking . . . the boy was in the door."

He shrugged, "Well, let's see what you've been painting?"

She dodged between him and the easel quickly. He laughed, "A surprise, eh? You might let your husband have a peep." He pushed her playfully aside, but she clung to him fiercely. At last, she said through her teeth, "If you go a step further you'll regret it."

He was shocked by the hostility in her voice. He shook her, "I've led up with this place. You and your damned Everd Case . . . we're leaving in two days."

She looked at him, white-faced. "We can't go . . . I've got to finish my painting."

He was already sorry for his own violence, he put up his hand to pat her shoulder but she shrunk from it as if his very touch was a kind of torture to her. He said, "What was you fled to paint here," his eyes searched the room. There was nothing but her chair, the easel and an old trunk bed, already raised.

She threw back her head and began to laugh at him. He fled from her scolding laughter. He wanted to think it out by himself. In the next two days their relations grew worse. And the house itself with its still heat did nothing to relieve his tension. He could not forget that somewhere outside . . . quite near . . . a man had been murdered by a tiger. It was as if he and Karen were puppets operated by something outside themselves, something evil, because he knew now that she hated him. He would catch her looking at him shyly . . . yet sometimes she seemed to fight against it and then her eyes watched



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him with such glowing that he re-
doubled his efforts to be patient . . .
as if he were fighting for them both.

On the night before they were to
leave, he went again to the room
where now she painted constantly.
The door was locked as usual but
there was a light under it. He thought
that he could hear Karen's voice and
yet it was not her voice. It was a
woman talking earnestly . . . and
waiting for an answer. He knocked
on the door. She opened it. After
a moment she looked back over her
shoulder and then came out smiling,
holding her arm as his. He said,
"You've left the lamp lit as there."
She looked at him sideways, "It's
better for the painting."

He looked at her puzzled.
She said, "It'll dry out quicker."
Hiding his gut tenderness he re-
quite not that night, he went over to
her. She was sleeping peacefully.
He sighed. They would be back in
time to catch the steamer from Tam-
pong tomorrow and then they would fly
to Sydney down Newshope. He
didn't know what was worse between
them, but he felt he could fight it
better on his home ground. He was
worried about Karen. She was get-
ting thinner and her eyes burnt with
feverish intensity.

He fell into bed and was soon
heavily asleep, which was probably
due to the amount of food he had
consumed while thinking over his
situation.

He said that he didn't know how
long he had been asleep when he
woke up, his flesh creeping. He could
have sworn that Karen had called
out. Several times was a hot, moist
scent, and beyond the mosquito net
something was breathing heavily in
the dark corners of the room. He re-
alized that the thing that had awakened
him had been a slow, light shivering
across his bare throat. He put up

his hand. His throat was wet. He
put his finger to his mouth, it tasted
salty, like blood. All the time he
was trying to peer into the darkness
where the thing breathed heavily.
Suddenly he made out a dark shape
in the light of a smoking lattice. For
a mad minute, in his nervous state,
with the heat of light and shadow on
it, he thought "The tiger!" Then the
thing was upon him heavily, slowly.
He was relieved to find that it was
human, but it had a knife which it
used with violent accuracy. There
was no sound as the knife hit three
times, piercing breath. At last he
got possession of the knife. He re-
alized that, in spite of its material
strength, the creature panted against
him was a woman. And on another
second an icy hand took hold of his
heart . . . it was Karen! As he looked
the knife away, he felt his body go
lump, she had started. He groped for
the towel, terrified that he had killed
her, but she still breathed. He was
astounded at her stillness after that
blow. Still groping for breath him-
self, he laid her on his bed and at
the lamp.

John looked at me. "Well, that's
the story. I don't know whether it
was the right thing, but, as soon as
she opened her eyes and knew me
I gave her some sleeping drops that
we had with us. I kept her under
them until we reached Tampong tomorrow."

"Did she still want to go back
there . . . afterwards?"

After a pause, he said slowly, "She
didn't remember anything about it.
She even reproached me with the fact
that I refused to take her to see the
house of River Gien. Yet I'm con-
vinced that there was some wild in-
fluence in that house. Something that
wanted to keep Karen there, and that
meant getting rid of me. I found out
afterwards that the reason she ob-
jected to was that River Gien and

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CH 1152

that woman had murdered the husband with a sharp horn while he slept. There is some sinister way of making it look like the work of a tiger . . . nobody was ever quite sure . . .

He stopped. "Well?"

I frowned. "I don't like to say that, but you were on a kind of red cross. Are you sure the whole thing wasn't just a nightmare, and you came just west to the House of the Tiger?"

He answered, with the ghost of a smile. "I thought you might say that. You know I keep a room at the club here for when I'm in town. I'd like to show you something." Upstairs he pulled from behind his wardrobe a covered picture. He lifted the cover. He said slowly, "Also, you know what sort of pictures Karen used to paint . . ."

But I was staring at it, excited. "Everybody wondered why Cass never painted a tiger . . . he was so good with people animals and the tiger always seemed the most obvious. It's magnificent." It was true. The picture before me seemed to have a life of its own so that the room seemed to vibrate. Involuntarily I backed from the blood stain in the under eyes, and I could have sworn the black stripes quivered in the shadows. I knew now exactly again. "It's a Cass all right . . . where did you pick it up?"

"At Harnish Harrensen—the House of the Tiger," he said.

"Well, that certainly proves you were there . . . Karen must be excited over this."

He let the cover fall over the painting and turned to me suddenly. "Karen doesn't know that I have it." I stared.

He looked at me appoggiately. "And it's not a Cass. Karen painted it . . . back there . . . in that room."

"Impossible." I pulled the cover up again and looked more closely for the

signature of Cass. "It is not quite finished . . . perhaps Karen found it!" even to me, the suggestion sounded ridiculous after so many years. Casses in the jungle is not exactly overrating.

"The point was well taken when I brought it away," he said.

"But that means?" I looked at him.

He looked back at me, worried. "I've been over and over it in my mind but there seems only one crazy way to remove it. If there is any truth in the natives' tale of Cass's spirit being immortal, then he needed Karen. The only thing he cared about was painting, and the could paint. But to keep her there he had to get rid of me so he had done with that other wretched creature's husband. The weapon used to murder for him. Well, he very nearly succeeded to believe me the same way. I, too, would have had to die."

It all sounded so logical that I looked at him, shuddered. He went on, "But I realize now that the thing that woke me in time that night was Karen's voice saying out in tonight, 'John, oh, John.' After that she no longer belonged to herself, she was possessed. She sometimes weeping. Also, I want you to take this picture! I can't bring myself to destroy it . . . but I never want to see it again and I never want Karen to see it. She's much stronger now and I don't want a relapse."

I took it with me.

It hangs still unfinished in my attic studio, but I think that I too shall have to get rid of it. The avatars lost in that picture has not yet been satisfied. And I am afraid that one night I shall get up and shake the picture and set the damn tree . . . the thing that John should have left to rot in the House of the Tiger on the dark island of Siam.

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"LET'S go somewhere, honey, just you, and me." Wymet Goff pleaded drunkenly. "Too many people here. Gumps my style."

The tall, good-looking blonde with the unusual name of Zan-zee was trying to ditch Goff, but he wasn't a man to be easily shaken.

"Be nice to Goff," Nicky had told her earlier in the evening. "He's our mouthpiece, and the best from around. Sprung me before my time was up. Gave me anything he wanted," he concluded significantly.

Zee-zee smiled glantly. The thing's a god had to do to get along

It was Nicky Shalton's coming-out party. After two years in air, he was entitled to have a headliner. Goff wasn't so bad. Zee-zee decided.

True enough, he was fat and his almost-bald head topped off a relatively young face made him a ridiculous figure. But the big show treated him with merited deference.

"You must be quite a guy," she murmured. "At least, the boys here think you are."

Goff looked pleased. "We manage to help each other," he replied. "You're not like the rest of these girls, honey. You stick with me and

I'll show you a real party when this crowd is over."

"All right with me, big boy."

That was before Goff got drunk. Even Zee-zee could spot the difference in how the boys treated him as he looked on. As his tongue got thicker, his feet unsteady and his eyes glazed, she could see the contrast in their faces and hear the unguarded remarks.

Fuddled, Zee-zee cornered Nicky. "What great!" she asked. "When Goff first showed up tonight you Wote how-foeing to him like he was J. Edgar himself! Now you're practically springing to let him. I don't get it."

Nicky's eyes followed her across lavatory. "I've been out of circulation too long," he said appreciatively. "Just big, Goff, you can forget what I read about being nice to him. The way he's talked me, he never remembers anything. We have to sit down when he's sober. With enough dough, he can be practically anything. But he puts on his damned respectable suit and wouldn't speak to you if he met you on the street. Now look at him!"

Goff was half leaning, half lying on the portable bar that had been set up for the party.

The heavy, red-faced bartender was signaling "Goffs out like a light! What do we do with him?"

"Throw the bars out," Nicky said contemptuously. "Maybe the cops will pick him up and throw him in the tank. I hope so," he added.

That's when I stopped as I'd been hanging around, watching Goff build up a head and listening to the conversation being passed on him as he walked up the lavatory stairs.

Not that I had any sympathy for him. I hated his fat guts.

I made it a point to be cheerful when

the bartender grabbed Goff's arm and yelled: "If I hadn't caught him other arms, he'd have fallen flat on his face."

"Come on," I said. "We'll walk him out."

We started him toward the door. The bartender expected to give him the boost through the doorway and watch him slide across the hallway on his nose. But somebody yelled for another Scotch and soda, and he had to let me handle him the rest of the way.

Goff lived with his wife Ellen and their children in a beautiful two-story colonial in the richest section of town.

I cautiously opened the front door with the key I dropped from his pockets, intending to lay him out on a sofa without awakening his family.

Did you ever try to take a drink anywhere quietly?

I was pulling off his shoes when I heard a noise upstairs and as a moment Ellen appeared on the stairway. Her dark-brown hair flowing in a beautiful cloud around her shoulders and wrapped in a light-blue dressing gown, she didn't look a day older than the little girl I had taken to the high school senior prom.

"I was hoping I could get him in without waking you," I said.

I knew we were both thinking that of the bed instead of instead of Wymet, nobody would be caring me home as an alcoholic daze.

I had begun to lose out when Wymet went to law school and I went on work to earn a living. Ellen was the furthest thing from a snob you could imagine. But her father was a judge, and when Wymet graduated and came out he should give her just naturally found their lives poured to the same pattern. Mine didn't fit at all.

Wymet stirred from his stupor and

set up. His eyes were glazed and his head wobbled back and forth. Ellen started across the room toward him.

Catching sight of her, Wyant lurched to his feet. "See-see, honey," he mumbled, "now we'll have our own little party." He threw one arm around Ellen and tried to kiss her.

I grabbed Goff quickly by the arm and pulled him toward me. "Hold a Wyant," I said sharply. "This is Ellen, your wife. You're home now."

Goff wavered unsteadily on his feet and then fastened his eyes on me. "I know you. You're Ellen Rogers." He turned to look at Ellen, almost falling in the process. "In my house in the middle of the night. My wife in my nightgown. I've caught you."

He drew back his hand and laid a startling slap across her cheek. I was moving as he moved, but not quick enough to stop him. Then he staggered backward for a step or two and collapsed on the floor from my sight to his feet.

"Has he ever hit you before?" I asked harshly.

She nod nothing, which was sufficient answer for me.

"Show me where he keeps," I said. With some effort I located Goff in my chamber. For the full, almost dizzy type.

I changed Goff on his bed, pulled off his coat and pants, and went back downstairs.

Ellen called to me from the kitchen. "I'm making some coffee. Dawn. That's the last I can do for you."

I didn't really want to stop, because sitting across a kitchen table from her was the worst kind of teasing. Whether did I want to hear her feelings. The big upstairs had done too much of that.

Before I had finished my coffee I

started it out. "Why don't you deserve that beat?" I demanded. "You deserve better than that."

"Yes, for instance?" Ellen asked. "Yes, one for instance," I said. "You could do worse."

"Yes, I could do worse," Ellen agreed, her voice sincere. "But I'm not the discerning type. There's our three children to think of."

I couldn't tell her she was wrong. That there had to be a blow-up before long. Wyant had passed beyond the point where he was merely desecrating criminal cases. He was helping plan the jobs and taking a end in the wrong.

The day after the party Wyant either wouldn't get to the office or wouldn't be worth a damn if he did. So I tried it that he get the letter when he reached his office the second morning.

It was a rather clever letter, even if I don't have too much education. It said the writer needed Goff as a lawyer in connection with a certain big job that had been pulled off recently, and that he was willing to split fifty-fifty with Goff.

The only recent really big job was the payroll building of the Masters Corporation. The benefits, according to the papers, had not about a hundred grand but left two guards dead.

Goff didn't waste any time. I was without when he entered his office building. He was back downstairs in less than fifteen minutes.

I followed him to a distant distance, until I was certain that he was headed for Skandia, a boarding house some fifty miles north.

There was plenty of time, so I drove leisurely back downtown to a hotel. Using a pay booth, I put in a long distance call to the police department. In Skandia Skandia isn't a really large town, so I insisted on talking

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to the chief and won my point. "If you plant some men around the Foster Apartments on Glenmore Avenue," I told him, "in about a half-hour they can pick up a guy you want pretty bad. But keep your nose out of sight and smother breaks!"

"What's going to break?" the chief asked.

"I can't tell you that," I said. "But you'll know when it does."

"What did you say your name was?" the chief asked conversationally.

I gave him a ha-ha and hung up quickly.

Just as vividly as if I had a movie camera recording the proceedings, I could tell you what was happening.

Golf walked up to the door of that second-floor apartment and knocked as if Sherry had been tipped off that a heavy-set, fat, yachtsman-looking detective with thick lips and bald head had been appearing about town and if he was around when the payroll job was pulled.

Sherry opened the door and saw standing there the very same detective he'd been tipped off about. Unfortunately for Golf, Sherry had just come in from the West Coast and didn't know him by sight.

His reaction was quick. He'd had his hand on his gun anyway when he went to the door. He jerked it out and started pumping lead before Golf even had a chance to say anything.

The cops were across the street watching the Foster Apartments. They came into Sherry's apartment building as he was making a run for it.

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Personality Expanded

Victoria, 22th Jan., 1931

I can feel my personality expanding and thickening day by day. I am almost sure my mind is becoming more vigorous, more alert, more active, more efficient. I am feeling the power of the Pelmanism Institute to be a great help to me. I am feeling the power of the Pelmanism Institute to be a great help to me.

Concentration Improved

22th Jan., 1931

I can definitely say that my concentration has improved. I can now sit for long periods of time without being bored or tired. I can now sit for long periods of time without being bored or tired.

New Energy

Victoria, 22th Jan., 1931

My energy has improved, and I am able to do more work than I could before. I am able to do more work than I could before.

Standard English

Queensland, 1st Dec., 1931

I find that Pelmanism is a very good way of learning English. I find that Pelmanism is a very good way of learning English.

New Mental Facilities

The Pelmanism Institute, with its emphasis on the Reserve Mind, has made arrangements to meet the needs of students and to provide a standard of excellence in the study of the Pelmanism Institute. The Pelmanism Institute, with its emphasis on the Reserve Mind, has made arrangements to meet the needs of students and to provide a standard of excellence in the study of the Pelmanism Institute.

New Ways and Livelier Interests

The function of Pelmanism is, by increasing the efficiency of the individual,

to shorten the time taken over necessary and useful work, to eliminate those no longer needed but maintained by force of habit,

to find new and more effective ways of doing things.

To intensify and intensify and to direct those which dispense time and energy without interfering with the progress of the individual.

To develop the power of thought and judgment as they are the "drive" the energy which makes man, a successful and directed and productive element.

Amongst the qualities developed by Pelmanism are qualities of perception, concentration, will-power, wise judgment, decision, interest-power, memory and other faculties observable in those who face the responsibilities of modern life boldly and live at ease with the world.

"THE EFFICIENT MIND"

describes, in detail, the Pelmanism Course and the full personal series, which the Pelmanism Institute gives. Copies are posted free. Write or call The Pelmanism Institute, 21 Glenmore Road, 1931, Flinders Lane, Melbourne.

TO THE PELMANISM INSTITUTE,
21 Glenmore Road, 1931, Flinders Lane, Melbourne.
Please send me, free and post free, a copy of "The Efficient Mind".

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

Talking Points

KEY CLIPPINGS . . .

As readers have discovered the themselves, dead men have no position for winning . . . even in the Melbourne Cup. This month, *Fraser Brown* gives you some close-ups of three Cup winners whose pictures had given away before the race began. Once again, the shades of The Poet, Watson and Old Bowley pass the lead to create the memories of old-days . . . which is one of the reasons the Cup season has for enduring.

REBELLETON . . .

The Canadian Mounted Police have a reputation for getting their men . . . or else. And the records of the Force show that the reputation has been well earned. But once even the Mounties were forced into pell-mell retreat before a polyglot mob of Indians, Englishmen, Frenchmen and what-nots, led by a half-French, half-Indian band. In "Even the Mountie Man," Lester May has made a colourful study of an almost-forgotten episode of Canadian history.

THE DITH CHANGE . . .

Alfred, they say, is the Mother of Secrets and the Master of Mystery, and one of her strangest secrets is detailed by Jack Pearson in his "Mystery of the Prince's Heart." Through the death of the Prince Imperial of France, while serving with

the British forces in Salsland, rears a super-natural in its day, time had almost erased it from the mind—except historians—until an old Stiea chortled his death-rattle in his throat and perhaps broke the long-buried mystery which had once surrounded a closely guarded Stiea secret.

NEXT MONTH . . .

Christmas comes but once a year . . . and there's no need for you all to huddle in corners and whisper "Wag!" Next month CAVALCADE will present you with an unsurpassed version of how the whole unfunny business arose and will indicate several of those responsible for your undesirable situation. In the meanwhile, we can only advise you to get on with sorting out last year's Xmas Cards and hope for the best. In the next section, you will find a most demonstration on how those low-down are apt to affect writers; a vignette of the One and Only Original "Duty Desk"; and a new piece of debunking (swapped round a certain strictly reported valley in the Canadian Ice-Water). Fiction includes A Post Graduate story, "The Yellow Wind", C. C. Rogers, giving the real gun on the fall of Jews to the Jews, and "The Stargazing Ground" . . . a poem redolent of the Northern Territory and its men.



8.11.11

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